

# The Sketch

No. 1041.—Vol. LXXXI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

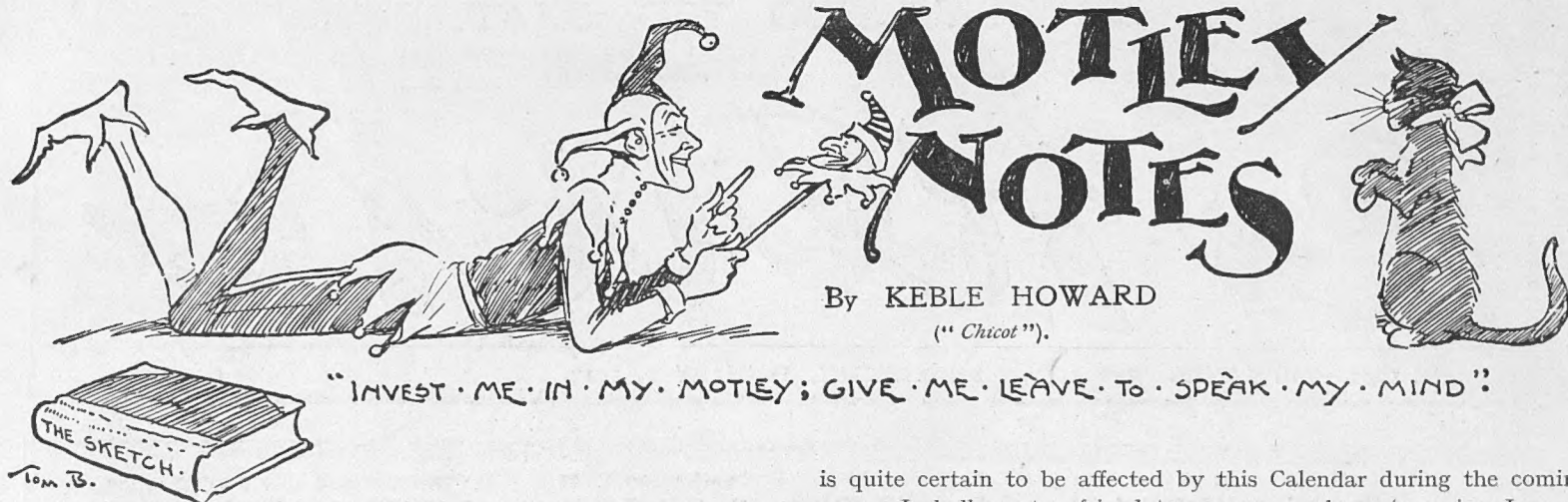


1. THE SUCCESSFUL TEAM AT WORK: SOUTH AFRICA PASSING OUT FROM A SCRUM. 2. HARLEQUIN VERSUS SPRINGBOK: STOOP, OF ENGLAND, TACKLING MCHARDY, OF SOUTH AFRICA.

## SOUTH AFRICA ADDS ENGLAND'S SCALP TO THOSE OF SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND WALES: THE SPRINGBOKS' VICTORY AT TWICKENHAM.

The great Rugby match at Twickenham on Saturday last, between South Africa and England, resulted in the defeat of England by two penalty goals and a try (9 points) to a try (3 points). Thus, the South Africans have beaten Scotland (16-0), Ireland (38-0), Wales (3-0), and England (9-3), a record for Colonial teams in this country. England scored first with a try, which was unconverted. Then the South Africans got an unconverted try. Later, Douglas Morkel won the match for the South Africans by scoring two penalty goals. A feature of the game was the overhauling of Poulton, at one moment, by McHardy, who caught him when he was only four feet or so from the goal-line; that was the only moment at which an English player really looked like scoring, after England had scored the first try of the match. The tackling was noticeably fierce from beginning to end, yet only one player—Fred Luyt—was hurt: excellent witness to the sporting nature of the game.—[Photographs by C.N.]





### Shaking Down Again.

I am constantly being told, in varying tones of authority, that it does one good to be shaken up. Christmas and the New Year are prized because they shake people up. Shaking up, at that time of the year, means sitting up, and lighting up, and eating up, and drinking up. I have been thoroughly shaken up this Christmas. I have been out of bed till three or four in the morning every morning; I have had too much to eat, and too much to drink, and too much to smoke; I have danced, and sung, and shouted; I have splashed through the rain on foot, and splashed through it in motor-cars and motor-cabs and trains; I have pulled hundreds of crackers and worn dozens of paper caps; I have caracoled in the moonlight in a Pierrot costume and a bare head. In short, I have spent a thoroughly English Christmas and been exceedingly well shaken up.

I am not in the least ungrateful; on the contrary, I am exceedingly grateful. But I am wondering when I shall begin to feel the benefit of all this shaking up. I may feel extraordinarily and exceptionally strong at Eastertide, or I may recover all my old form at lawn-tennis in the summer. At the moment of writing, however, I have a severe cold in the head, a severe pain in the right foot where some ass trod on it, and a vague feeling of nausea in the presence of all human beings. By way of antidote, I have bought a Dickens Calendar, the highly coloured background of which shows Mr. Pickwick glaring through his spectacles at the Fat Boy.

### The Companionable Calendar.

I expect to get very tired of that picture of Mr. Pickwick and the Fat Boy. Mind you, I am fond of Pickwick, and the Fat Boy used to make me laugh when I was very young, but it will be rather trying to live with Mr. Pickwick and the Fat Boy. You may say that I was not compelled to buy a Dickens Calendar, and that is true. But one must have a tear-off calendar of some sort, and a Dickens Calendar seemed to promise a daily spark of cheerfulness. Last year I had a most gloomy calendar. I think it was called "Golden Thoughts for Every Day," or something of the kind. These golden thoughts consisted, in the main, of reminders that life is cruel and that the road winds uphill all the way. Each morning I would carefully read my golden thought, and was thereby plunged into despair for nearly an hour.

My Dickens Calendar starts well: "Good fortune and happiness go with you" was the little message for the first day. I was also reminded that there were 364 days to come, that the sun rose at eight minutes past eight, set at four o'clock, that it was New Year's Day, and Bank Holiday in Scotland. I liked the last bit the best, because it was jolly to feel that one was not in Scotland on a Bank Holiday. I once spent a Bank Holiday in Dundee, and I know what awful things life can furnish forth in the way of torture.

The information on the second slip was much the same, save that the sun rose a minute earlier. "Be careful to develop your talents," read the motto.

### Jolly.

On the third morning, the first announcement to catch my eye was this cheery, hopeful little bit: "Harrison Ainsworth died, 1882." There are people, no doubt, who would be interested in the statement that Harrison Ainsworth died on Jan. 3, 1882, but I am not one of them. I should like to be one of them now that I have bought this Christmas calendar, because on almost every day, as I have discovered by peeping ahead, I shall be posted in the knowledge that I am celebrating the death of some distinguished person. My conversation

is quite certain to be affected by this Calendar during the coming year. I shall meet a friend to-morrow, perhaps (meaning Jan. 9), who will say to me, "Hullo, old fellow! Isn't this a grand morning!" "Yes," I shall reply. "Did you know that Victor Emmanuel, first King of Italy, died on this day, 1878?" "No," he will say, drawing well away from me and giving me a very unpleasant look out of the tail of his eye.

There are, of course, more cheerful little bits of information on my Dickens Calendar. I have discovered, for example, that the British Museum was opened on Jan. 15, 1759. That is the very thing I wanted to know. On that day I get a quotation from "Our Mutual Friend" which is most appropriate: "Never was an obstinate man yet would own to the word." I did not know before that somebody was very obstinate about opening the British Museum, yet it must have been so, or the Museum could never have been opened.

### Showing Up Dickens.

It is really very surprising to find what a number of commonplace things poor Dickens said. He said: "Manifold are the cares of wealth and state." This saying has been solemnly extracted from "Little Dorrit," and given to me to cheer me up on Jan. 16. On this same day, by the way, in the year 1794, Edward Gibbon died. I am quite looking forward to Jan. 16. Thanks to my little Calendar, I shall be as blithe as a bird all the morning. I shall probably run up and down the garden, chirping dear little nothings, and snapping my fingers at the sombre clouds for sheer lightness of heart.

But a gayer day still will be Jan. 23. On this day, in the year 1806, William Pitt died, and on the same day, in the year 1875, Charles Kingsley died. "Nothing is past hope," warbles the Calendar, having unearthed that startlingly original sentiment from "A Christmas Carol."

On Jan. 30, which is a Thursday, I am to learn that on that day, in the year 1649, Charles I. was beheaded. "Poverty should engender an honest pride" is the apt comment, culled from "Nicholas Nickleby." So it should, friend the reader, so it should! No?

I could give you many such examples of cheeriness from my cheery Calendar, but I shall have the whole thing tumbling to pieces in a minute, and that would be a pity. They might be sold out at the shop, and I could never hope to discover another calendar so full of hope and high spirits.

### Who Does It?

I often wonder who compiles these extraordinary publications. His responsibility is very great, whoever he may be. When you remember that every house in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, to say nothing of the Colonies and the United States of America, contains at least one such calendar, and that the whole household is influenced for a whole year by the quotations selected, you will at once agree that the man chosen to select these quotations should be a very wise, a very sympathetic, and a very cautious person.

What a wonderful chance for the Conservative or the Liberal Party to drum their cries and pleas into the hearts and minds of the electorate! They might get out a few million calendars, and have them delivered at each house and cottage all over the kingdom. The recipients would certainly use them, and their little children would imbibe the right (or the wrong) principles from the outset. For Calendar quotations, though some may doubt it, are read and read again. In some homes, there is no other reading matter in the house. . . . I ask nothing more than a knighthood for the idea.



## EVERYBODY'S SEEING IT! "HULLO, RAG-TIME!"



1. RAG-TIME SOLDIER MEN.

2. MR. WILLIE SOLAR.

3. MISS DOROTHY MINTO.

4. MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG.

5. "HULLO, RAG-TIME": A GROUP.

The London Hippodrome's revue, "Hullo, Rag-time!" is a great success. It is written by Messrs. Max Pemberton and Albert de Courville; and has music by Mr. Louis Hirsch, composer of "The Gaby Glide." The scenes are Hôtel de Luxe, London; an Oriental Garden; and the Exhibition Grounds. The cast includes Mesdames Ethel Levey, Shirley Kellogg, Dorothy Minto, Bonita, Madge Melbourne, Irene Richards, and Vivien Hesse; MM. Lew Hearn, O. P. Heggie, Gerald Kirby, Cyril Clensy, Jack Mason, Jamieson Dodds, Willie Solar, Ambrose Thorne, Eric Roper, Checkers von Hampton, and the Hippodrome Beauty Chorus.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



LADY SELBY-BIGGE—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW K.C.B., SIR LEWIS AMHERST SELBY-BIGGE.

*Photograph by Swaine.*



LADY CLARKE—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW PEER, SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*



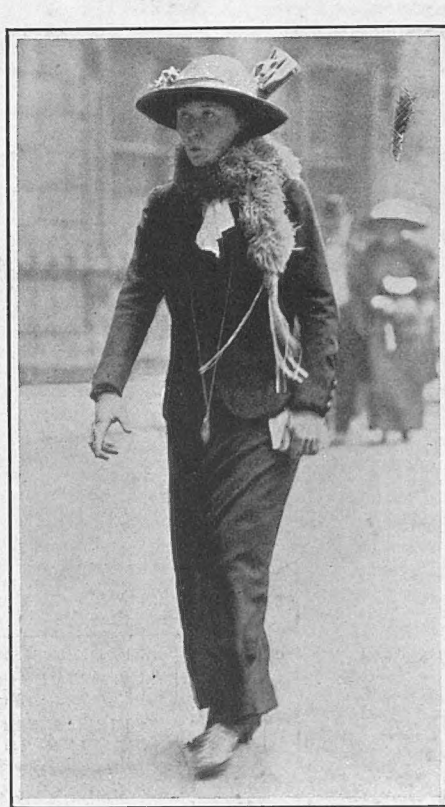
LADY LEVY—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW BARONET, SIR MAURICE LEVY.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



LADY ESSEX—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW KNIGHT, SIR RICHARD W. ESSEX.

*Photograph by Borup Bros.*



LADY BEATRICE CECIL—FOR BEING ENGAGED TO THE HON. WILLIAM ORMSBY-GORE.

*Photograph by Topical.*



LADY BOWRING—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW KNIGHT, SIR THOMAS BENJAMIN BOWRING.

*Photograph by Thomson.*



LADY BAGOT—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW BARONET, SIR JOSCELINE FITZROY BAGOT.



LADY YORKE—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW KNIGHT, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR HORATIO A. YORKE.

*Photograph by Debenham and Gould.*



LADY PHILIP—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW KNIGHT, SIR ROBERT W. PHILIP.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*



LADY CRISP—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW BARONET, SIR FRANK CRISP.

*Photograph by Esme Collings.*



LADY REE—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW KNIGHT, SIR FRANK REE.



LADY LIBERTY—FOR BEING THE WIFE OF A NEW KNIGHT, SIR A. LASENBY LIBERTY.

*Photograph by Bacon and Son.*

Lady Selby-Bigge, wife of the Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education, was Miss Edith Lindsay Davison, and is the daughter of the late Rt. Hon. J. R. Davison, M.P. Her wedding took place in 1885.—Lady Clarke, whose husband's new title, though not officially announced will, it is said, be Lord Sydenham, was married in 1910. She was then the widow of Captain Arthur Reynolds. She is the daughter of the late Mr. George Morant.—Lady Levy, wife of the member for the Loughborough Division of Leicestershire, was Miss Elise Ray Zossenheim. She married in 1885.—Lady Essex, whose husband is M.P. for Stafford, is the daughter of the late Mr. John Benson.—Lady Bagot, who was married in 1885, was Miss Theodosia Leslie, and is the daughter of Sir John Leslie, the first Baronet. Her husband is member (U) for the Kendal Division of Westmorland.—Lady Beatrice Cecil is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Salisbury. Mr. William Ormsby-Gore, who is Unionist member for Denbigh Burghs, is the son and heir of Lord and Lady Harlech.—Sir Thomas B. Bowring is a shipowner and merchant and is interested in the oil-fuel industry.—Lady Yorke was Miss Caroline R. Garstin, and is the daughter of the late Rev. A. Garstin, Rector of Redmile. She was married in 1893. Her husband is Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways, Board of Trade.—Lady Philip, who was married in 1888, was Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Fenton Motherwell. Her husband is well known for his work for the prevention of tuberculosis.—Lady Crisp is the only daughter of Mr. George D. Howes. She married in 1867.—Lady Ree was Miss Amy Susan Terry, and is the daughter of the late William Terry. Her husband is General Manager of the L. and N. W. Ry., and the N. L. Ry.—Lady Liberty, wife of the well-known founder and chairman of Liberty and Co., Ltd., was Miss Emma Louise Blackmore, and is the daughter of the late Henry Blackmore. Her marriage took place in 1875.



# "FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!" WITH THE QUORN AT GRIMSTON.



1. LORD ERNEST ST. MAUR, ELDER OF THE DUKE OF SOMERSET'S BROTHERS, AND LADY ERNEST ST. MAUR.

2. CAPTAIN GEORGE PAYNTER, THE FAMOUS SOLDIER-JOCKEY.

3. WITH THE QUORN AT GRIMSTON: THE FIELD.

4. MR. ARCHIE SMITH, GEORGE LEAF, MR. ALLFREY, MR. R. L. FENWICK, MR. GEORGE DRUMMOND, CAPTAIN ASHTON, GENERAL BURN-MURDOCH, MISS MUIR, MAJOR HOBSON, AND OTHERS.

5. MRS. HAY, MR. J. W. B. ROBINSON, MRS. MUIR, MAJOR MARKHAM, AND OTHERS.

Lord Ernest St. Maur, elder of the Duke of Somerset's brothers, was born in November 1847, and was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1907 he married Dora, daughter of the late Rev. John Constable, Rector of Marston Bigott, Somerset.—Captain G. C. B. Paynter is in the Scots Guards.—It was of the famous pack that H. Cumberland Bentley wrote: "See through the covert the staunch hounds springing! Hark to the halloo! Hark to the horn! Hark to the silver whistles ringing! Follow, follow, follow the Quorn."—[Photographs by Howard Barrett.]



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THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY—PERILS OF THE SEA—THE FUNERAL OF A FAMOUS FRENCHMAN.

**The Next French President.**

No doubt M. Poincaré, the present French Premier, will succeed M. Fallières at the Elysée; and if the retiring President typified for France all the virtues of the agricultural proprietors (for amidst all the splendours of Paris he always longed for his own native vineyards), his successor will be a most up-to-date President, with a knowledge of the statesmen and policies of other countries such as no one except an ex-Foreign Minister can possess. M. Poincaré began his career as a lawyer, and gave up a very lucrative practice to turn his attention to politics. Of the other candidates, M. Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies, has, beyond his qualifications as a statesman, a claim to the gratitude of all Frenchmen, for he was the first man holding a good social position who dared to be married in a frock-coat instead of the dress-suit which, in France, is the conventional attire in which to go to the altar.

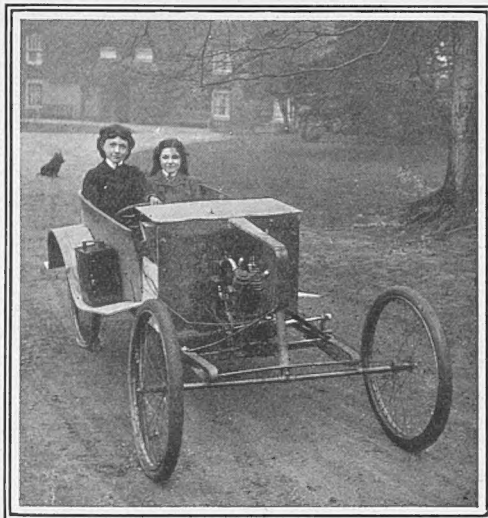
**The Passengers on the "Narrung."**

Twice within the past year in desperate danger at sea, Anglo-Saxon passengers have shown that the pluck of their ancestors has in no way lessened in them. It might be said that on the *Titanic* most of the passengers did not believe at first that they were in danger of immediate death; but that could not be said of the passengers on the *Narrung*, who may well have imagined, when the great wave washed through the vessel, that their last hour had come—as, indeed, it would have come had such another deluge of water poured upon the ship. But in the face of imminent death, these emigrants to Australia, both women and men, displayed the highest courage. The men set to work to bale out the cabins, the women gathered quietly, and only the young babies cried. These men and women of our race emigrating to a new land have the steadfastness that makes good settlers. Australia's gain in receiving them is England's loss in giving them to the great Dominion. A tribute of admiration is due to the Captain of the *Narrung*, who for fifty hours was on his bridge. Captain Bidwell must be not only a fine sailor, but a man capable of immense physical endurance.

**Two Personal Experiences.**

Only men who have been at sea in such a storm as that which played havoc with the *Narrung* will appreciate to the full the difficulty there was in turning the vessel in the midst of such a tremendous sea. Twice I have found myself on a P. and O. in somewhat similar

circumstances. In one case the vessel was turned, but in the other case the captain preferred to meet the full force of a typhoon rather than run the risk of the great seas striking her abeam. In the latter case we were off the coast of Japan, making for Yokohama, when a typhoon caught us. There was a port to the lee of us, but to reach it we should have been washed by every sea in turning; and though the passengers all hoped that the captain would make for smooth water, that veteran mariner preferred to remain hove to. The waves looked like great hills as they came at us, and the vessel continually seemed as though she were going to plunge through them; but as each hill of water came up, her head was turned just a little, and we went sidling up it instead of through it. Just once the quartermaster at the helm was a second too late, and a mass of water came on to the ship, smashing boats and carrying away the woodwork of the officers' cabins. But we rode the storm out with no other mishap. On the second occasion, running before a full gale in the Mediterranean, the captain did not make the lights he expected to see, and decided to lie head to the seas till daylight came. The ship was struck by a big sea as she turned, and seemed to lie down before it, a tremendous crash of all the loose crockery on board emphasising the moment of peril. Next day we had reason to thank the captain for his action, for a current had carried the ship far out of her course.



BUILT BY THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY SEEN AT THE WHEEL: A CYCLE-CAR CAPABLE OF GOOD WORK.

This cycle-car was designed and built by Master Henry R. S. Birkin, of Aspley Hall, Nottingham, who constructed the whole of the chassis and the wooden body in the workshop attached to his father's garage. The car, with its maker and his sister on it, has made many a run round the grounds.—[Photograph by Henson.]



SIGN THAT HE HAS KILLED: MR. WALTER WINANS RECEIVES A SPRIG OF FIR FROM THE HEAD-KEEPER DURING A WILD-BOAR HUNT IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF HAMBURG.

Our correspondent writes: "On reaching the forest, the shooting-party is met by the three keepers. The little pack of small, but very keen, dachshunds is brought out, and the guns take up their positions at the corner of the drives likely to be crossed by the boar. The pack now enters the dense mass of firs, and after a time a furious yapping is heard, indicating the presence of the quarry. A crackling and crushing of wood is heard, and out across the drive the animals come bounding along at a smart pace. First a large sow—that the guns refrain from shooting—then, perhaps, a frichling (one-year-old male), that is brought down nicely with a hundred-yards shot—then, perhaps, a couple more sows that are left; and lastly, perhaps, an old boar with fine tusks falls a victim. The little dachshunds then emerge from the wood, and finding the dead quarry, vigorously tug at their tails and ears, highly pleased with their share in the work. For each animal shot, the head keeper presents the gun with a sprig of fir."—[Photograph by Topical.]

**M. Detaille's Funeral**

M. Detaille, the great French painter of military subjects, went to his grave with all military honours, for as he was a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, the escort which followed his coffin was commanded by a general, and consisted of five regiments of infantry, two of cuirassiers, several batteries of artillery, and a company of the 28th Regiment of Infantry, in the new uniform which M. Detaille and M. Georges Scott designed for the French army. The Minister of Fine Arts was one of the pall-bearers, and the various military leagues with which the great painter was associated—La Sabretache, of which he was President; the League of Patriots, and the Society for the Help of the Wounded—sent deputations. One of the wreaths of flowers on the coffin was sent by Queen Alexandra, for M. Detaille was a great personal friend of the late King Edward, and was also a friend of our present King, whose condolences were delivered to the family of the dead man by the British Ambassador in Paris.





## SMALL TALK



NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF LIVERPOOL: MR. HAROLD CHALONER DOWDALL.

Mr. H. Chaloner Dowdall is an ex-Lord Mayor of Liverpool and a well-known barrister.

Photograph by Lafayette.

helped to pull many of her people through grave illness, her husband and elder son, shot down in her presence, died before she could render even so much as first aid.

*Lord W. de B.* Lord Willoughby de Broke was not directly responsible for the book or the "business" of the Pantomime at Compton Verney; but he might have been easily enough. "A well-built, clean-shaven, jolly-looking man, and jolly good fellow of the 'Jimmy' Lowther school," says a companion in the Lords, where he makes a far better speech than the picture might suggest. His speeches are good because he puts personality into them, the personality of the man who rides to hounds. And personalities, too! Only a man who had become word-perfect in private theatricals could have quoted so neatly from "The School for Scandal" when Lord Newton spoke against the hereditary rights of the House—Lord Newton, he said, "has an unforgiving eye and a damned disinheriting countenance."

*A Face like a Ham.* If the Savile Club moves

from its bow-windowed premises in Piccadilly, many rare associations will be marred. The one-armed commissioner at its steps

is, by virtue of his station, one of the most familiar figures in London. Many a poet has he helped into the vanishing hansom. Many a time did Stevenson go up and down the steep steps of No. 107; and Andrew Lang, "dear Andrew of the brindled hair," often stretched his long legs, and the points of his arguments, in the smoking-room. It was there that Henley could be recognised as the

original, in some features, of John Silver in "Treasure Island." One line he always boisterously claimed to have directly suggested to R. L. S.—that in which the pirate is said to have "a face like a ham."

*The Ball-Room Kitchener.* K. of K. will easily fill his ball-room.

Lord and Lady Desborough, after winding up their own parties at Taplow, mean to go to Egypt; Lord and Lady Devonport went directly after Christmas, and were followed by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Sir George Abercromby, Sir Frederick Milner, Colonel and the Misses Acland, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Menzies, Miss Walron, and a trainful more. Lord Kitchener, the dance host, is not the man that we have so often seen sketched—the man who hates evening-dress and sticks to one pair of brown boots until there is nothing left of them but the "uppers."



WIFE OF THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF LIVERPOOL: THE HON. MRS. H. CHALONER DOWDALL. Mrs. Chaloner Dowdall is the youngest of the three daughters of the sixteenth Baron Borthwick.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A NEW PEER AND PEERESS: LORD ROCHDALE (FORMERLY SIR GEORGE KEMP) AND LADY ROCHDALE ON THEIR ESTATE AT WINDERMERE.

Sir George Kemp, one of the two New Year Peers, has now taken the title of Lord Rochdale. He resigned his seat for North-West Manchester last July on the Home Rule question. It is now held by Sir John S. Randles, who won it for the Unionists. Lord Rochdale is the managing director of Messrs. Kelsall and Kemp, Ltd., of Rochdale. He is an Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army. He was born in 1866; and in 1896 he married Lady Beatrice Egerton, third daughter of the third Earl of Ellesmere.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

such matches may be, the exclamation points are never wanting. But only for a time. The Peerage has a wonderful way of

*The Match-Maker.* As a commander, Lord Kitchener had the reputation of severity—towards his married officers. "Mrs. Colonel" has always known him for her natural enemy. The stories of his dislike of any sort of foppery are legion. The subaltern who chanced to draw his sister's lace-bordered handkerchief from his sleeve in the great presence was asked, according to the legend, "And where do you get your hairpins?" But there is no little divergence between the Kitchener of story and the Kitchener of fact. He promises now to become the Bryant and May of Cairo.

*An Unusual Label.*

Lord Victor Paget's engagement to a member of the dramatic profession receives the inevitable attention. However suitable

swallowing up and hiding its actresses; and "Burke" helps to draw the veil. Of all the theatrical brides led to the altar, or the registrar's, by the nobility, how few can one name at the moment? But sometimes the fact is kept alive. In one book of reference the word "actress" is printed after the name of a lady who, some years ago, married the brother of a duke.



TO MARRY LIEUT. JAMES FOWNES SOMERVILLE, R.N., TO-DAY, JAN. 8: MISS MARY KERR MAIN.

Miss Main is the only daughter of Colonel Thomas Ryder Main, C.B. (late R.E.), of Curdridge Croft, Botley, Hants. Lieutenant Fownes Somerville is the son of Mr. Arthur Fownes Somerville, of Wells.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS ETHEL LOUISA JERVIS ON JAN. 11: M. HENRI JACQUES LECOQ.

M. Henri Lecoq is the younger son of M. Henri Lecoq, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Conseiller-Général du Puy-de-Dôme, and of Mme. Lecoq, of L'Oradon, Clermont-Ferrand.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY M. HENRI JACQUES LECOQ ON JAN. 11: MISS ETHEL LOUISA JERVIS.

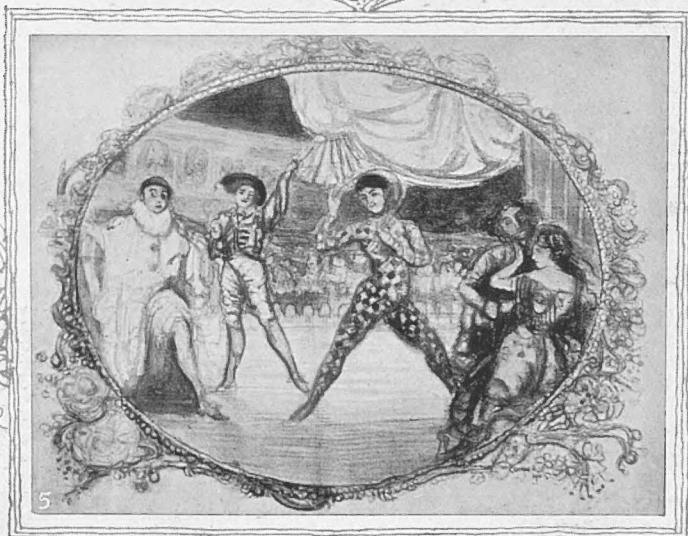
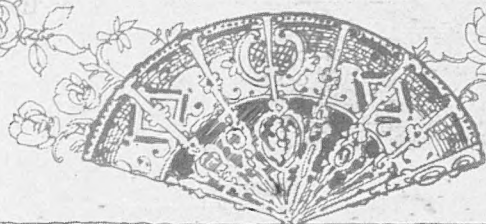
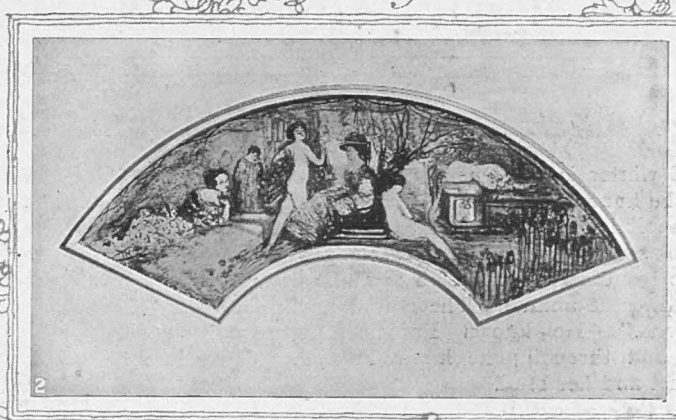
Miss Jervis is the third daughter of Colonel W. Swynfen Jervis, late of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and of Mrs. Jervis, of Woodside, Southsea. The wedding is to take place on the 11th.

Photograph by Swaine.



## PERFECTION IN COLOUR: WORKS OF CONDER, THE FAN-MASTER.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, WHERE THERE IS AN IMPORTANT EXHIBITION OF CONDER'S WORK.



1. "THE TERRACE"—FAN.

2. "IRIS"—FAN.

3. "THE SIESTA."

4. "MLLE. DE MAUPIN."

5. "ARLEQUIN S'AMUSE"—COLOURED LITHOGRAPH.

6. "IMPERIA."

Charles Edward Conder, who was born in 1868, and died in 1909, was the son of a civil engineer. He spent his early childhood in India. As a youth, he studied land-surveying with an uncle in New South Wales; then took to the making of landscape-drawings; and a year or two later studied in Paris at Julian's. Returning to London in 1895, he became associated with such magazines as "The Yellow Book" and "The Savoy," and exhibited at various places, always increasing the number of those who recognised his gifts. He is best known, of course, for his fans. It need not be said that he has been called a modern Watteau, but, as is pointed out in the preface to the catalogue, "The work of Watteau was . . . constructive; the Englishman's was not. His figures and their surroundings may not be so precisely drawn as Watteau's, but they touch our imagination equally well by reason of their suggestiveness, and, above all, by their colour. Colour, indeed, is the essential quality in Conder's art. There he can challenge the greatest Masters by his range and originality. . . . A fan by Conder is different to an eighteenth-century French one. Conder's colours melt into the frail texture of the silk; the medallions, festoons, ribbons, and lace-like borders are exquisite pieces of decoration, and, like the fairylike scenes which form the main motif, vary in the design of every fan."





## THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

THE winter is the Duchess's own season. When quite a child she hunted five days a week in Leicestershire, and the riding habit has never been thrown off for long. A day's shooting or a week's racing does not come amiss; but her hunters and her pack are her chief concern. The Duke is engaged the while with a very different animal. The hound he thinks of is "The Hound of Heaven." He knows Francis Thompson's poem through and through; he knows it as her Grace knows her kennel and her stud.

### No Man's Understudy.

When Lord Exeter was thrown in the field the other day and sent to bed, Lady Exeter took the lead at the next meet. The Duchess of Newcastle needs no such pretext; she is nobody's understudy. The Duke never hunts and is never thrown. Nor is the situation reversed. If the Duchess were laid up, it would not be the Duke who would take her place in the field. The difference of their tastes is whole-hearted. They respect each other's emphatic decisions in regard to the things they each find interesting. All her Grace's relations belong to the hunting set. It would probably have bored her intensely if the Duke had been able and willing to fall into line. He breaks the long-drawn-out monotony of the sporting uncles and cousins.

### Accidents at Both Ends.

Her Grace's father, Major "Sugar" Candy, was well known in the hunting-field; her cousin, Lady Abe Bailey, was herself master of a pack; her uncle, Lord Rossmore, has sampled various forms of sport. He has tried walking on the ceiling like a fly, and is reputed to have driven a cart over a precipice. Another uncle of the Duchess, the late Lord Rossmore, met his death at the Windsor Steeplechases; and there are further fatalities recorded in the annals of the Duchess's family. Those are the accidents that come at the close of a career; the Duke of Newcastle's accident came at the beginning. The injury he met with as a baby was concealed from his parents by his nurse; and later his leg had to be re-broken and set. But it was too late, the limb was partially crippled.

### The Old Newcastles, and the New.

While the Duchess, who knows as much about dogs as anybody alive, goes to New York to judge at shows, the Duke is often a visitor to one of the other worlds of the many that make up the States. But often as he crosses the Atlantic, he is the only Duke

who does not get drawn into the social life of New York. The rest of them are absorbed as soon as they land by the Four Hundred; but there are learned and literary Four Hundreds for whom the peers, almost *en bloc*, are the outsiders. With these the Duke of Newcastle is the exception. The scholars and the gipsies have welcomed him, and he counts for something among the bishops of two continents.

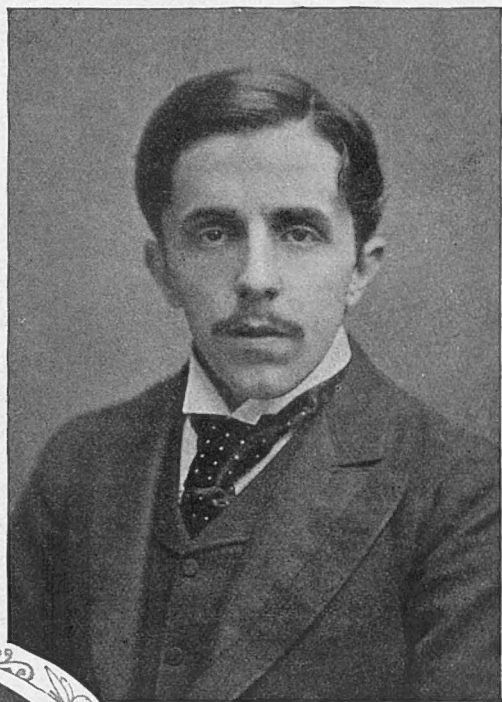
High among his hobbies stands gipsy lore; and he would sooner accept Disestablishment than sanction the marriage of a divorced person in a church. His resolute attitude on all questions affecting matrimony is a new phase in the family tradition. His father and grandfather, to go back no further, were both separated from their wives.

### The Blue Diamond.

The Duchess married on her eighteenth birthday. The Duke, who was then twenty-five, had inherited the dukedom ten years before. His father, after coming to grief on the Turf, was content to pull along on a settlement of £2500. With the unloosing of the family fortune at his coming of age, the son had an income of something more like £100,000. Hope money, along with the Hope diamonds, came to the Pelham-Clintons from his mother's family. In 1901 the blue diamond was sold for £120,000; in 1898 the Dutch pictures of the Hope Collection fetched £121,500, and in 1910 twenty other Hopeful Old Masters were bought by Mr. Fairfax Murray for £24,750. Neither the Duke nor the Duchess, who were not the sellers in any of these deals, has any personal regret concerning such transactions. Indeed, if the existence of the blue diamond is from any point of view desirable, it is perhaps as well that it never came into the absolute possession of the Duke. He might, like the Prince Florizel of Stevenson's story, have rid the world of dangerous treasure. The Prince threw the Rajah's diamond into the Seine, and so ended a series of tragedies. Westminster Bridge is not far from Hay Hill!

### Her Engagements.

As for the Duchess, neither diamonds nor Gainsboroughs are the things which hold her, or which she cares to hold. She is a creature of the open air. Picture galleries and the functions at which precious stones must be worn claim a fair portion of her time; but to be up and doing early in the morning on the moors, to be in the saddle betimes, to be "fit," to be ready to accept the invitation of the road and the river and the hills—these are her necessities of life. The invitations of the town are not less persistent; and they are answered, too. But not always in the affirmative.



THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

Henry Pelham Archibald Douglas Pelham-Clinton, seventh Duke of Newcastle, was born on September 28, 1864, and succeeded in 1879. He was educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford. He is a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. At the Coronation of King George he provided a glove for the King's right hand and supported his Majesty's right arm while he was holding the sceptre. In 1889 he married Kathleen Florence Mary, daughter of the late Major Henry Augustus Candy. Her Grace's mother is a sister of Lord Rossmore—of the "Reminiscences."

Photographs by Esme Collings and Russell.



## RUMOURED FUTURE PRINCESS OF WALES: A NEAR-EAST ROYALTY.



WILL SHE MARRY THE HEIR TO THE BRITISH THRONE? PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA, DAUGHTER OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA AND PRINCESS MARIE, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

There is a rumour—of course, unconfirmed—that the Prince of Wales will marry Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, who was born on Sept. 29, 1894. Her Royal Highness is the second child and the eldest daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania. Her father, the Crown Prince Ferdinand, was created Prince of Roumania in 1889 on the renunciation of his rights to the throne by his brother Prince Wilhelm, who had owed his position as heir to the renunciation of his rights by his father, the King of Roumania's elder brother, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen. On Jan. 10, 1893, the Crown Prince married Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, better known here as the Duke of Edinburgh.—[Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.]





"HULLO, RAG-TIME!" AT THE HIPPODROME.

The Centre Gangway.

An unusually well-informed correspondent writes that all orders for Hippodrome stalls wind up with a "P.S." underlined five times, as if the fate of a government depended upon strict attention to its terms. Its terms are roughly as follows: "Centre gangway absolutely essential." Some say, "Centre gangway a *sine qua non*" (which is meant to mean the same). Others say, "If centre gangway full up that night, state what night same not full up." Others, again, add, "If centre gangway not available, kindly return enclosed cheque: otherwise same will be stopped." In fact, as they say on the Stock Exchange, Hippodrome Centre Gangways (called Hippo. C. G.s. in that familiar but gently harmless way they have on 'Change) are lively and are talked still higher. Old inhabitants are wagging their bald heads and saying they never saw nothing like it since the Rubber boom. Still older inhabitants put grizzly fingers to wrinkled lips and murmur, "Ah, but will it last?" and the younger and more ardent say, "It will," and rush to sell out Consols and plump their little all on Hippo. C. G.s. And why is this? If Mr. Bateman has drawn a pretty picture of the Beauty Chorus marching down that Centre Gangway, on a conveniently raised platform, tastefully decorated with red lamps below and illuminated by a piercing searchlight from above, all is explained. If he hasn't, it is not the slightest use my trying to explain. All I can do is to wonder why only six members of that chorus have their photographs on the programme, who chooses the six and how, what the other thirty say of the six behind their backs, and whether the other thirty take it in turns to be among the six. If that is so, it is obvious that I shall have to collect five more programmes at the least.

The Old Gang Shamed.

But enough of this fearful subject. Let none go to the Hippodrome by reason of the Beauty Chorus, lest he strive to cherish thirty-six fatal passions at one time and perish in the attempt. The really important thing is that various persons who have been counted somebodies are at last put in their proper place. In the case of Shaw and Barker and Barrie and their like it does not so much matter; they may be lumped together and their efforts at play-writing treated with proper scorn as the outpourings of unhealthy minds. It is kindly meant, and they deserve it for never having conceived the idea of a Beauty Chorus (have I mentioned the Beauty Chorus?): besides, they are alive, in a sense, and can defend

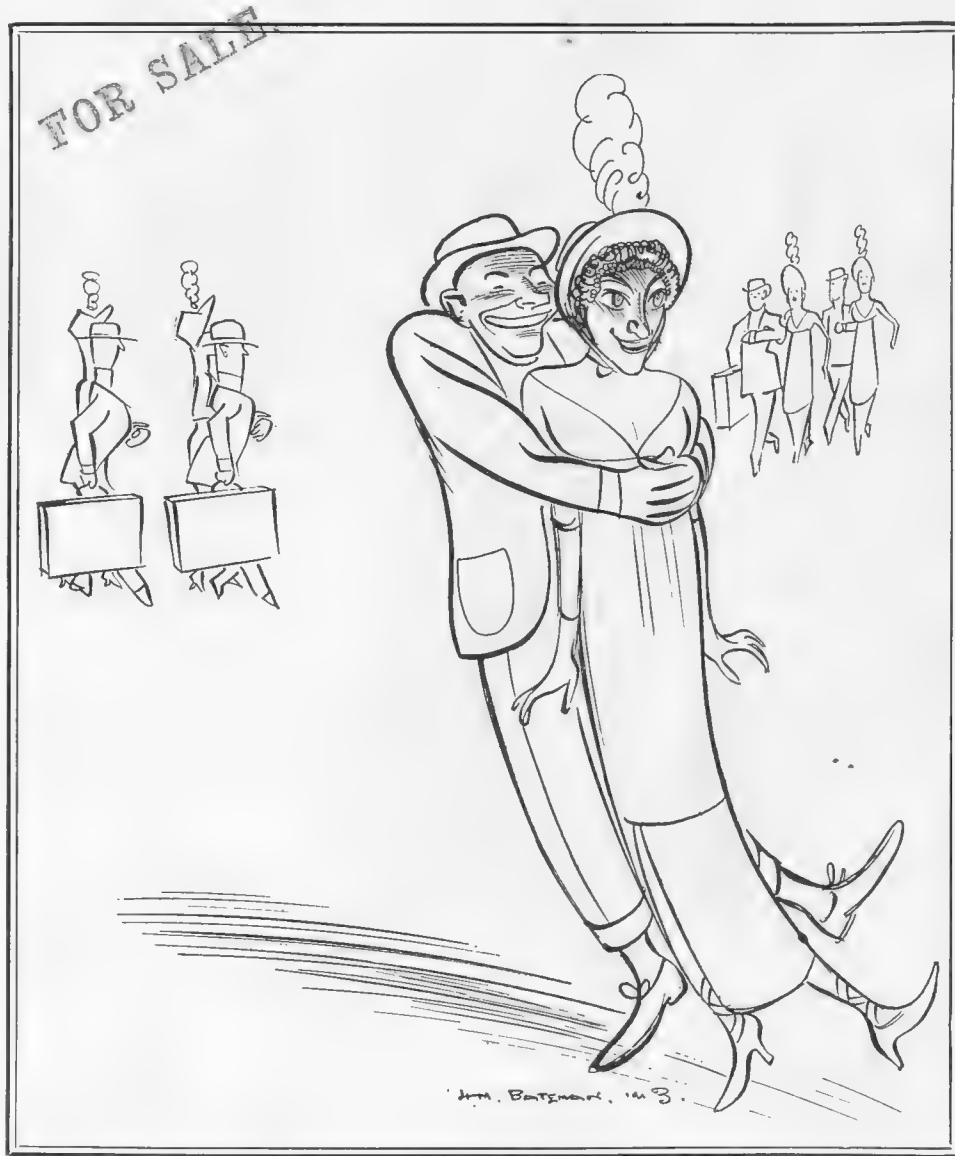
themselves. But poor Beethoven, he has been dead some time. He never thought of any tune that bent the knees and waggled the body, and caused a hopping from one leg to the other and a waving of protruded elbows. Never in his honour would Mr. Lew Hearn and Bonita have dazzled us with their rendering of "Hitchy Koo" (which last week, in my dismal ignorance, I called "Kitchy Koo"). The very name of Shirley Kellogg is classic, but he would never have given her a "Wedding Glide"; even Mendelssohn only managed to suggest the air of it, at a distance. Of course, they had to be shown up some day, this old gang of which these two were,

in their day, notorious ringleaders: and who could show them up better than Mr. Louis Hirsch, the composer of "The Gaby Glide"? Yet their discomfiture is so complete that a tear of sympathy almost forces its way to the front. But let them be forgotten; there is that in rag-time which stirs the blood and reminds us that we all were monkeys once: besides, they never organised a Beauty Chorus, such as that to which I have, I believe, already made some passing reference.

Furthermore, Rag-Time, rag-time is not a thing to be discouraged. It appears to be easily imitated once you get the trick of it; but it has character—which is not a quality generally noticeable in popular music. This Hippodrome revue gives it to you at its best; and you don't really know what it is till you have heard Mr. Willie Solar wanting to be home in Dixie or Mr. Lew Hearn whispering "Hitchy Koo," or seen Miss Ethel Levey dance. Mr. Solar's face must have been brought in to balance the Beauty Chorus. It makes a fine appearance as the face of a waiter (one of four really fascinating waiters

who have no reason for existence but their beautiful ugliness); but it is in the singing of "Dixie Land" that it is like nothing on earth but the indiarubber face sometimes to be found in crackers. If you have dreams, it will haunt them and be a very cheering ghost. Nor should I object to being haunted on suitable occasions by Mr. Lew Hearn's voice; or by the colours in which Cornelli has clothed his figures; or by the dainty soprano of Miss Dorothy Minto flitting about among deep contraltos from across the Atlantic; or by a reasonably small number of the Beauty Chorus—say, not more than six at one time.

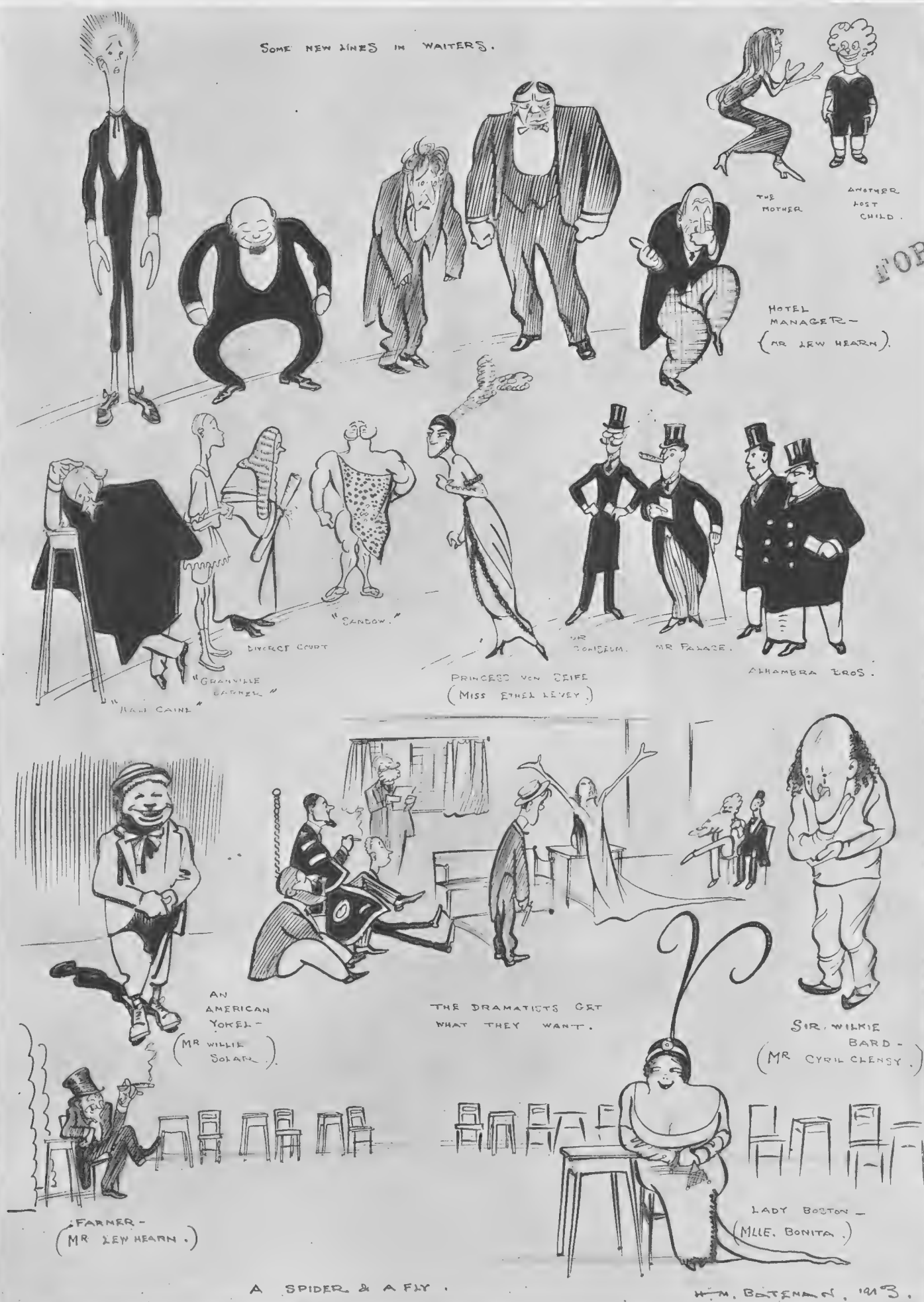
**Final Resolution.** No, on the whole, I think I would prefer not to be haunted by the chorus. Preferable is a life of smooth, unruffled calm, far removed from the Centre Gangway.



THE WEDDING GLIDE IN "HULLO, RAG-TIME!" MR. GERALD KIRBY AS MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AND MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG AS MISS MENDLESON.  
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "HULLO, RAG-TIME!"



THE LATEST REVUE: SKETCHES AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

The London Hippodrome has followed the fashion and now has a Revue—and a capital revue at that. It is by Messrs. Max Pemberton and Albert de Courville; with music by Mr. Louis Hirsch.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

**M**ONTHS ago it was suggested in these pages that the time had come when Regent Street, like New York Harbour, should have a statue of Liberty. Sir Arthur has got his knight-hood instead. A friend of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and all the artists of the epoch, he helped to change the indoor world of Victorian England. He tilted against tassels and other abominations of the dowdy styles. He revolutionised the national sofa. And in helping to make the æsthetic movement of the 'seventies, to clothe the ladies drawn by Du Maurier, and to encourage the



WINTER-SPORTING AT WENGEN: MR. JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A., MRS. LAVERY, AND ALICE.

Mr. Lavery, who was born in Belfast, is a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy and of Leopold of Belgium, a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, Paris, a member of the Sécessions of Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, a member of the Society of Spanish Artists, Madrid, A.R.A., R.S.A., R.H.A., and H.R.O.I. Mrs. Lavery is an artist of considerable ability. Alice is her daughter by her first husband.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

young man with the daffodil ridiculed by W. S. Gilbert, he long ago established himself as the most original of shopkeepers.

*The Victorian Revival.* For many reasons, the royal residences are slow to respond to fashions in furniture. But even Windsor Castle has banished the most incongruous examples of Victorian manufacture. It may well happen that by the time the last antimacassar is gone, the outer world will be collecting such things for their value and beauty—save the mark!—as “antiques.” Sir Arthur Liberty has strong views on the reaction in favour of the styles which William Morris, with his help, did so much to discredit. As for Windsor, the difficulty of furnishing must always perplex the authorities. The Victorian things had to go, but it does not follow that all the modern furniture introduced within the last ten or twelve years is more in keeping with the structure.

*Lady Beatrice Cecil's Engagement.* Nothing in the modern annals of the Cecil family has given it so much popular notoriety as the romantic marriage of a member of one of its branches with the “village maiden” of Tennyson's

verse. One looks in vain in the direction of the Salisbury group for another mésalliance fit for poetry. The engagement of Lady Beatrice Cecil and Mr. William Ormsby-Gore is wholly unexceptionable. Nobody, in this case, will want to shift the responsibility by explaining that “marriages are made in heaven.” Or let it be said that in this case heaven has the whole-hearted approval of all the Cecils and the Gores.

### *The High Contracting Parties.*

*In the House* Mr. Ormsby-Gore has been the friend and ally of his fiancée's uncle, Lord Hugh Cecil, who lives most of his time with Lord Salisbury. Thus the link between the young Conservative member for Denbigh District and Lady Beatrice's family has been a strong one since his election in 1910. Mr. Ormsby-Gore is Lord Harlech's son and heir, so that he can feel he is not the exception to the rule that has connected some other peerage with the Marquessate of Salisbury with nearly every marriage in the family.



HONOURING “INDIA'S SHAKESPEARE,” THE POET KALIDASA, WHO WROTE 2000 YEARS AGO: THE MAHARAJAH OF JHALAWAR AND MRS. BROWN-POTTER ON THE PLATFORM.

At a recent meeting of the Indian Art, Dramatic, and Friendly Society, the Maharajah of Jhalawar put in a plea for “India's Shakespeare,” her ablest poet, Kalidasa, who, “at such a remote age as 2000 years ago, wrote dramas which in their dignity and artistic consummation could rank with any plays in existence.” “Sakuntala,” the poet's masterpiece, is to be produced at the Albert Hall. Mr. William Poel presented it in London some fourteen years ago. Mrs. Brown-Potter recited at the meeting in question.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



OUT FOR A RIDE ON THE MODEL RAILWAY: MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE OPENING OF THE CHILDREN'S WELFARE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

Mrs. Churchill opened the exhibition in question, which will be in being until the eleventh of this month. It is devoted to many phases of child-life, and, in addition, there are numerous entertainments.

*Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.*

*At Bordighera.* The Duke and Duchess of Leeds are at Bordighera, the first Italian town encountered by the motorist on leaving Monte Carlo and Mentone. An English winter is not possible for the Duchess; and Bordighera, with a beach, and steep gardens, and a funny tinkling tram to carry you to the smarter towns of the French Riviera, is the perfect place for her and her family. The Duke is kept in holiday trim by a young son. His daughters are growing tall and serious, but the boy, born seventeen years after the marriage of his parents, is not too old to keep the Duke company in the most delightful of occupations—throwing pebbles into the Mediterranean.



"SKETCHY" VIEWS OF THINGS: 1912 IN GERMAN EYES.



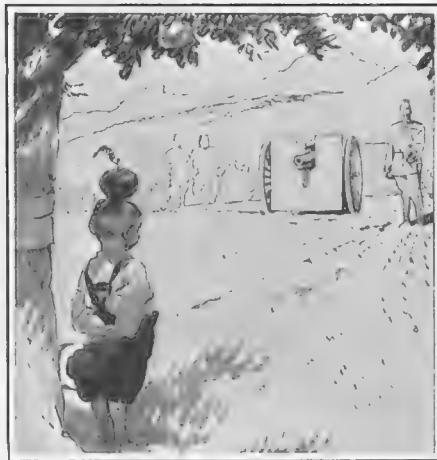
AMUNDSEN ATTAINS THE SOUTH POLE WITHOUT HAVING HIS GOOSE COOKED.



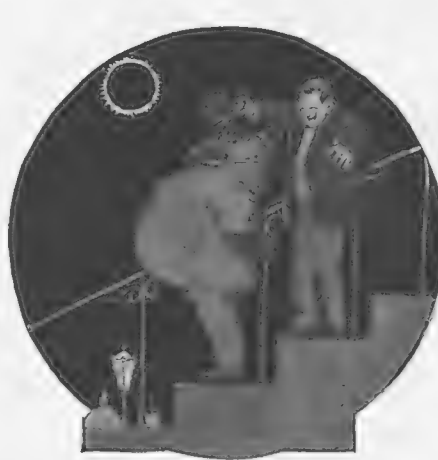
THE TRIANGLES OF THE FUTURISTS STRIKE THE PUBLIC EYE.



NEW AND REPUBLICAN CHINA GOES PIGTAIL-CUTTING.



THE KAISER GOES MANŒUVRING IN SWITZERLAND.



THE SUN IS TOTALLY ECLIPSED.



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO FINDS FRANCE A CONSOLATION.

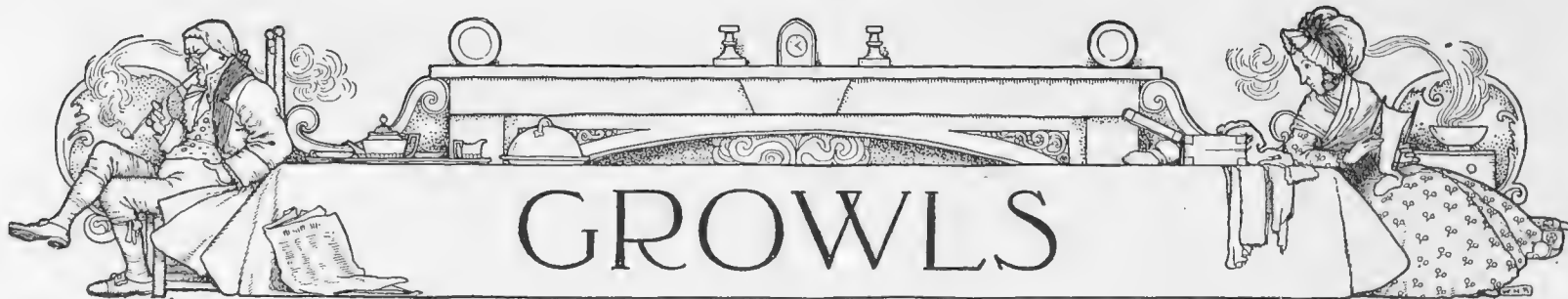


THE ALLIED ARMIES IN THE BALKANS FIGHT A "WAR OF CIVILISATION."

The illustrations reproduced above show a German artist's impressions of the chief events of the year just ended.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY FRITZ KOCH-GOTHA.





### LURING THE LONDONER: THE CLAMOUR OF THE COUNTRY.

I WOULD be the very last to cast a slur upon the country *qua* country. On the contrary, I distinctly approve of many of its features. I am fond of fields, and hedgerows appeal to me. I am thoroughly appreciative of fresh air, and I find the omnipresence of cows a commendable adjunct to the landscape. I can overlook the greed and combativeness of the robin, and, in my sympathy for its blindness, can forgive the mole its curious habit of throwing up mounds in the middle of the lawn. I bear no grudge against the predatory fox, and I am particularly partial to freshly picked mushrooms for breakfast. Hence, the gentle reader will gather that I am by nature qualified to be admitted a member of any country-house party. But please do not attempt to lure a simple Londoner like myself from his daily round and common task on the pretence of furnishing him with peace and quiet. Of all fallacies, this is the most deep-rooted and the most deadly, and, being a fallacy, it, not unnaturally, has the unanimous support of the medicos of the Metropolis. It is, in fact, the only point upon which they display anything like unanimity. "What you want," your doctor will say, with an air of almost superhuman sagacity, "is a week or so of complete rest in the country. I will write you out a prescription, which you need not trouble to get made up, and you will go away and recuperate in peaceful surroundings," and if you are a congenital idiot you will act upon his advice. Blindly pinning your faith to a man who has not yet made up such vestiges of a mind as he possesses upon the question of the Insurance Act, you will sort out from your wardrobe garments which you would never dare to wear in town, you will purchase a railway ticket at some cost, and you will settle yourself down in the corner of a carriage with the comfortable

performer known as the nightingale, whose voice and methods are calculated to counteract the effects of chloroform. Without any desire to place myself upon a social pinnacle, I may state that on one occasion I stayed in a house which boasted eight white peacocks. With hideous prescience, these misguided bipeds decided at 3.30 a.m. that it was going to rain, and felt themselves constrained to stand in a solid phalanx beneath my bedroom window and inform me of their meteorological discovery in their own untutored way. Every device known to zoology and ornithology is employed by the denizens of the provinces to render life unlivable to the nervy visitor from London. Under the shallow pretence of a desire for fresh milk, they surround themselves with cows, animals which, at frequent intervals, rend the air with booming discordance. Each establishment



THE JAPANING OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: "YOU NEVER CAN TELL," IN THE FAR EAST.

This photograph, which illustrates Act II., shows Miss Sumako Matsui as Mrs. Clandon, Miss Fusae as Dolly, Mr. Yokokawu as Philip, Mr. Nishihara as McComas, and Mr. Sueji Togi as Fergus Crampton.

is equipped with dogs of divers breeds, each endowed with an ear-splitting bark which is used to give timely warning of the approach of burglars, who exist only in the canine imagination. When a pigeon is not irritating you by its ridiculous attempts at conversation, a cock is screaming defiance at all the other chanticleers within a radius of three miles, or a motor-cyclist will come hooting and exploding down the King's highway.

**A Chance for Science.** There is an indelible stain on the memory of the late, but unlamented Macbeth. It is charged against him that he murdered sleep, and I am inclined to believe that the charge can be substantiated. What, then, shall be said of the dwellers in the counties who are permanently guilty of the same offence? Mature consideration leads me to the conviction that some drastic steps must sooner or later be taken to put an end to what is at present an unmitigated nuisance.

For my part, I would not go so far as to advocate the extermination of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. I am in favour of milder measures. Science has done wonders in the development of the desirable in our flora and fauna. If you want a poodle with a tail that curls backwards, or a chrysanthemum with alternate petals of green and blue, you need not ask in vain. Why not, then, produce a starling that is mute, a pigeon that is not addicted to cooing, and a cow that is incapable of mooing? It is not its bark that constitutes the dog the friend of man, any more than it is its shriek that is the peacock's chief attraction. The true Christian will attend to his devotions without a raucous summons from a neighbouring belfry, and even the jocund yokel might, in time, be persuaded to conduct his operations with due regard for people's feelings. Far be it from me to set up London as the home of silence, but do not on any account seek to entrap me from it to a bogus haven of rest which is actually populated by creatures devoted to voice-production, but destitute of elocution.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



THE JAPANING OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: "YOU NEVER CAN TELL," IN THE FAR EAST.

This particular photograph, which illustrates a moment in Act IV., shows Mr. Doi as Valentine, Miss Michiko as Gloria, Mr. Seichi Kato as Bohun, Miss Sumako Matsui as Mrs. Clandon, Mr. Yokokawu as Philip, Miss Fusae as Dolly, Mr. Nishihara as McComas, and Mr. Sueji Togi as Fergus Crampton. Both photographs are of the recent successful production of the play at the Yurakuzu Theatre, Tokio.

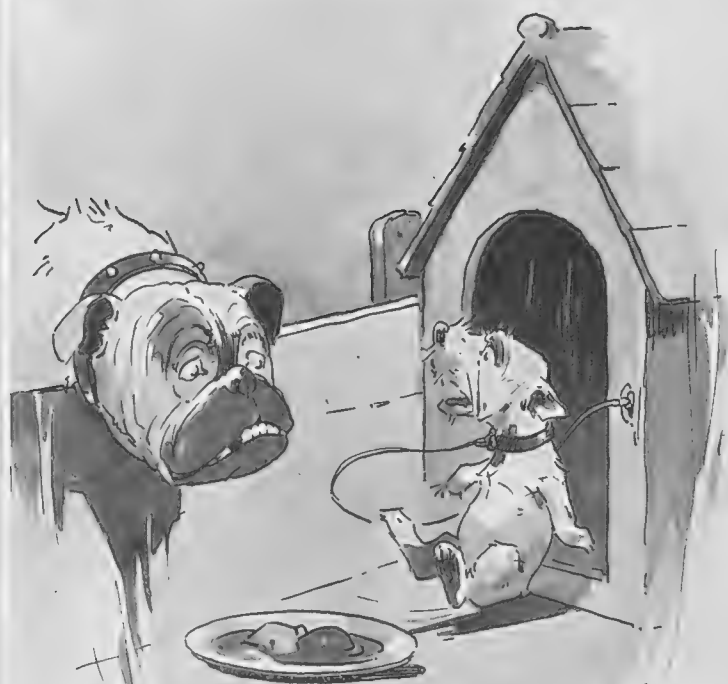
conviction that you are leaving behind you all the row and racket which have upset your nerves and dishevelled your digestion.

**The Reality.** And what happens? Nothing short of a Dante's pen could delineate with justice the selection of sounds with which the deluded Metropolitan is assailed. The countryside has a peculiar gift for noise. It makes a hobby of cacophony. It exhibits an ingenuity in the art of strangling silence which is diabolical in its completeness, and it is assisted in its loathly endeavours by the long arm of the law. There is a Birds' Protection Act which makes the day one long and ceaseless chirrup, and without intermission there comes from countless surrounding boughs the creak of myriads of uncoiled feathered things. Even during the watches of the night the babel does not cease. "Even from yonder ivy-mantled tower The moping owl doth to the moon complain," and if it happens to be summer-time there is a pertinacious

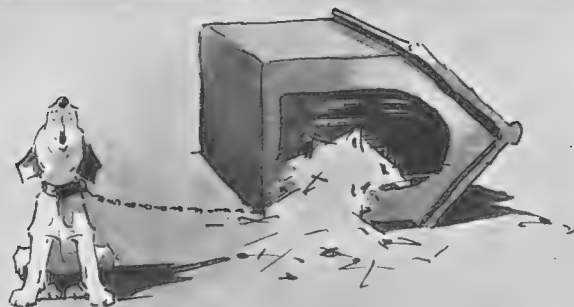


*Pons Catulorum.*

FOR SALE.



LEAVE IT TO YOU



UNABLE TO FOLLOW SUIT



LEADING THE



STRONG CLUBS IN DUMMY

*G. E. Studby*



## WHY NOT A WOMAN AS FIGUREHEAD OF REPUBLICAN FRANCE? MADAME LA PRÉSIDENTE MARIANNE.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I AM very much worried—politics, you know. To staid, serious, and strenuous people politics are like a chronic disease—always handy to talk about, to complain of, and discuss various remedies for. But to me Politics are not a chronic illness; they come upon me on rainy days, like rheumatism. In other words, it is only when it rains that I bother about what happens under Big Ben or in the Chamber of the Deputies. As it rains pretty often in London, I ought to be a very well-informed young woman if attacks other than political ones did not visit me also on lachrymose afternoons, such as the tidying-up of drawers and chiffoniers, battling with the arrears of correspondence and making holocausts of letters one ought to have burned long before. Last week it rained liberally three days following, and that is how I discovered that we were going to have a new President of the Republic. It came to me as a shock. It is astonishing how fast travels the car of Politics if you only glance at it every few months or so.

Poor old President! Who would have thought him capable of such alacrity in emptying the Presidential chair he was filling so completely! Now I suppose there will be a scramble for it. How inelegant! I have often thought that I

IN NATIONAL DRESS:  
PRINCE PETER, ONLY  
SON OF PRINCE GEORGE  
OF GREECE.

Photograph by Bohringer.

would rather go afoot than elbow on the steps of an omnibus, and would rather be a lone shepherd on a hill than Monsieur le Président in the Elysian Gardens if I had to clamour at the gates or be pushed in by my butcher, my baker, or my candlestick-maker. And when you come to think of him, *why* a President of the Republic? If there must be a nominal Head of the Nation, why not choose an ornamental one—a decorative symbol, such as the Republic personified, not under the portly form of a meridional bourgeois, but under that of a beautiful woman—Marianne in the flesh? As ship-builders of old, carving their prows, usually chose the female form for the head of their vessel, why not a feminine figurehead for the political galley of France—that most feminist of nations? Instead of some fat and bearded *vigneron*, why not a Pomona, a Ceres, and a Muse all in one? Close your eyes and murmur "Patria," and it is a woman the word evokes in your mind—a woman noble, gentle, and strong, with hands made robust by work, arms made soft to embrace and rock, a bosom large and generous, flanks fecund and of flowing curve. Can you not visualise the charm and

splendour a feminine presence would add to national celebrations?—Marianne as an Amazon, passing the review of the troops; Marianne in tricolour gown, bringing colour and hope to hospitals, to wrecked mines, to battlefields; Marianne the hostess, tactful and honeyed-lipped, welcoming the kings and chiefs of other countries; Marianne regal, as to the purple born; Marianne coquetting with the mob, her Phrygian cap pinned in a modish way on her wavy chignon: a Marianne chosen from the people and trained as peer to kings; a Marianne dainty, dimpled, and diplomatic, who would shrug away a war and calm dissensions at home with a smile and a new frock.

Marianne is a familiar and



ON THE ICE AT ST. MORITZ: MRS. GRAHAME WHITE SKATING WITH MR. HARRY LEHR.

Photograph by Topical.

friendly figure, she is stamped on our money and on our letters. She stands out on the corners of envelopes, supple and strong, sowing against the wind in an eternal and useless effort, poor symbolic Marianne!

The Salic law was one of France's most amusing inconsistencies, and, as the whole world knows, France has of these a vast collection. The country of all countries whose fate has always been governed by woman's wiles is the one to spurn a feminine ruler! The country of all countries where woman's beauty is most appreciated is the one to choose for its representatives fat, middle-aged gentlemen in perpetual evening dress—Southerners, of speech swollen with sonorous *rrr-s* and fragrant with garlic. In these co-operative days, when the political broth is concocted by so many cooks, the chef is, I believe, a symbol in a sinecure. A symbol should not be substantial. A yard of stuff on a stick, and lo! uncover your head, bow to the soul of a nation—bow to the flag, the flag flapping in the wind—such a wing flying free into space; the flag—folds sinuous enveloping its mast with the shivering embrace of an amorous woman: the flag—smoke, dream, cloud, emblem, let it be made from a strip of Marianne's dress.



WITH HER TWO CHILDREN: PRINCESS GEORGE OF GREECE WITH PRINCESS EUGENIE AND PRINCE PETER.

Princess Marie Bonaparte's marriage to Prince George, second son of the King of Greece, took place in November 1907, when the Princess was twenty-five. Her Royal Highness has two children: Prince Peter, born in Paris in 1908, and Princess Eugenie, born in Paris in 1910.

Photograph by Bohringer.



CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

FOR SALE.



**THE CURATE** (*beginning his sermon*): My—er—dear friends, the week before last we took "The World"; last week we took "The Flesh"; this week we will go to "The Devil."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



FROM THE INNER CIRCLE: A DIPLOMAT'S WIDOW ON COURT AND SOCIETY.\*

**Social Divisions ;  
and the Turkey as  
Fake-maker.**

There is something particularly engaging about the Intimacies set out in felicitous phrase by the lady who chooses to be known, as wielder of the gossip's pen, merely as the Widow of a Diplomatist. Her record is somewhat frank now and again—possibly that is why the writer remains anonymous—but is never really or intentionally unkind, and is always arresting, even when it has to do with comparative trivialities; the great or the little things of the circles of which Courts are the centres have a fascination very much their own, a piquancy foreign to talk about happenings in "sets" less hedged about. And the Widow of a Diplomatist was decidedly lucky in gaining knowledge in a number of capitals. Her husband's first appointment in the European service of the United States was in Paris, and she has a good deal to tell of the City of Light, its aristocracy and its bourgeoisie. Of the irreconcilability of the two she has several notes. Here is one: "Mme. Fallières' box at the opera was loaned to me one evening, and I remember the amusing experiences I had in making up the party. Half-a-dozen people who were eager to hear the much-talked-of production, given for the first time that night, and not at all reluctant about sitting in the best box in the house, dared not be seen in the President's box. Their royalist paper, the *Gaulois*, would certainly have discussed it, and their friends taken them to task." It was in Paris, too, that she saw, treasured in a salon, a collection of cameos which Lorenzo the Magnificent might have envied. "There were, indeed," she says, "two jewels from his store, a fourteenth-century cameo showing a Medusa head cut in emerald, and an onyx pendant of Augustus Cæsar, encircled with precious stones, which bore the Medici name 'Lavr. Med.' engraved in the corner. And there were three originals of the replica cameos jealously guarded as originals at St. Petersburg, Vienna, and the British Museum in London, which that wily Italian of the last century copied perfectly, and then gave to turkeys to swallow, having discovered that the only thing needed to take away the extreme high polish and give them the touch of the veritable antique was a few hours in a turkey's gizzard.

**"Tinted" Roman  
Courts; the King  
as Window-facer.**

In Rome she found much of exceptional interest, among the "Black Court" of the Pope, the "White Court" of the King, and the ever-growing "Greys," who are friends of both Church and State. His Holiness himself provides her with a pathetic picture. "Pius X. makes no State appearance to an assembled multitude in St. Peter's, as his predecessors did, and he does not come in the pomp of a crowned sovereign before tens of thousands of kneeling subjects in the piazza. But every night, just before going to bed, he stands for a moment before his window and turns his face over to a window in the distance, where two gentle old women, the beings he loves most in all the world, are watching for him." Such is his solicitude for his sisters,

who "two or three times a week . . . come over to the Vatican about seven o'clock in the evening, in their quiet dress, practically the dress of peasant women, bringing him handkerchiefs they have made or socks they have knitted for him. It is just before his light supper, but they never stay for it; Papal etiquette forbids." To turn to the Quirinal, she remarks that, since he was a young boy, the King of Italy " . . . has instructed the men in his suite to keep close behind, saying, 'If I must be stabbed, don't let it be in the

back''; while she notes also that, in the case of official dinners, the King sits with his face to the window which fronts the east, "there being a superstition in the Catholic House of Savoy that the sovereign should sit looking towards the Holy Land."



EACH WITH A POLICE DOG AS AIDE: FRENCH GAMEKEEPERS GOING ON NIGHT DUTY.

**Priests; and the  
Eye Near the  
Ceiling.**

Russia is her next subject. Dealing with the Coronation of the Emperor Nicholas II., she remembers that "among the priests were a dozen or more from the Orient, whose religious vows made it a sin for them to look upon the face of a woman; and it was amusing to watch them as, whenever a lady approached, they deliberately turned their backs—not altogether an easy feat to

accomplish, as they dared not present their backs to the Czar." Of another phase she writes, after a note as to a bomb scare: "A high Russian official said to me an hour later: 'There is no such thing as public sentiment in Russia. Public opinion throughout the Empire is controlled by less than four thousand people, three-fourths of whom are in this room to-night!' However [at an hotel], when I was calling on some friends—an inoffensive old lady from Boston, with two débutante nieces—my attention was caught by a curious apparition in the wall near the ceiling—a small piece about two inches square silently vanished, and a human eye took its place. Meeting my frightened, startled gaze, it was gone in a flash, and the wall remained intact."

**"Dachshunds";  
and a Top-Hatted  
Butler.**

Germany follows. In certain drawing-rooms, "where you meet the long-haired, æsthetic masculine beings whom you have perhaps noticed skating in the Tiergarten, their long coats flapping in the breeze; and dozens of young army officers whose cheeks are scarred with wounds from many duels, they talk Wagner and Schopenhauer with serious appreciation, and whisper in the *fräulein's* ear, in the midst of the waltz, spinning her round and round like an animated top: 'You are as beautiful as' (ecstatically) '—as a dachshund!' It is their supreme compliment." At a small German Court the old butler, in a chocolate-coloured wig, was by far the most important person in the dining-room at meal-times, "standing in the corner in the black uniform of an English butler—or an American diplomat—carrying in one hand a high silk hat, and in the other a long stick topped with a big gold knob." And so to England: "London Town and the Society of the Court," "London City and its Society," "American Money," "Life at Government House, Canada," and "Washington Society." Unquestionably, this book of the Widow of a Diplomatist is one to read.



THE LATEST AT MME. TUSSAUD'S: MR. E. H. W. TENNYSON-D'EYN COURT, DIRECTOR OF NAVAL CONSTRUCTION; THE KING; AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Photograph by Topical.

\* "Intimacies of Court and Society: An Unconventional Narrative of Unofficial Days." By the Widow of a Diplomatist. (Hurst and Blackett, 20s. 6d. net.)



*Absence of Mind.*

FOR SALE.



W. HEATH-ROBINSON.

IV.—THE TRANSPLANTING OF THE TWINS—WITH THE DUTCH BULBS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



## THE KIDNAPPER.

By R. W. CARSON.

SHE was known as "The Kidnapper" because she was always accompanied by a boy, generally young enough to be her son. As a rule, he lasted through the season, but—like the fashions—there was a change the following year.

The boys were invariably rich and unencumbered by bothering relations. And if, at the end of the season, he was poorer and wiser, well—that was entirely his affair, and no one else's.

However, an end comes to everything, even to a seemingly unlimited supply of boys with money to give away.

And besides, truth to tell, as the years went on, Mrs. Keatinge's powers of charming naturally grew less. She was still a very pretty woman, and still possessed the art of knowing how to wear her clothes; but, alas! she had actually been in Monte three weeks in the winter of 19—, and there did not appear to be a solitary captive in sight.

True, the material was scant. There were plenty of men of her own age, and many others much older, but they knew her kind too well, and passed her by for younger and prettier women.

It was extremely annoying, this year of all others, for she had heard through a mutual friend that her former husband was coming over from the States with his new wife, and would be expected to stay in Monte for some time.

To be without a devoted attendant under these circumstances would be most galling.

Mrs. Keatinge seriously thought of moving on—to Biarritz, or Cairo, Algiers—anywhere. Indeed, she had gone so far as to inquire about hotels, and the easiest way of getting to these places—when the unexpected happened.

She was staying, as usual, at one of the big hotels high up.

Descending one day in a vile mood, utterly bored with herself, and Monte, and everything and everybody in it, she passed out into the garden, and sitting down in one of the basket chairs, unfurled her sunshade and looked at nothing in particular.

Presently she saw coming towards her from the lower terrace a young man, tall, thin, very white, and muffled up in great-coat and scarf. But his clothes were good style. Mrs. Keatinge could recognise Savile Row when she saw it, and his Homburg hat was all that there was of the latest and best. He looked very peevish and discontented—and he was accompanied by a hospital nurse.

Mrs. Keatinge pulled herself together, and suddenly found the young man interesting. As he came nearer, she gave him a long, meaning look—a look which made the blood rush to his pale cheeks. He was not the first youth at whom Mrs. Keatinge had looked like that.

There was another basket chair near hers, and she glanced at it, in a seemingly casual way. But the glance said a good deal, and the boy very cleverly interpreted it.

"Nurse," he said, stopping dead, "I am going to stay here for a while in the sun. I—I—er know this lady."

There was something whimsical about it all, and Mrs. Keatinge laughed aloud, and put her hand on the chair near her.

The young man sat down, and smiled at her.

"Very well," said the nurse, giving a glance at the exquisitely dressed woman, "if you will *stay* in the sun, I suppose it's all right," and she passed into the hotel.

"Now, that was real clever," laughed Mrs. Keatinge.

The boy laughed too, and waited for her to speak again.

"What's been the matter?" she asked him.

"Typhoid," he answered. "Rather a bad go of it, too. Nearly pegged out, so they tell me. I say, my name's Reggie Bellairs; what's yours?"

Mrs. Keatinge laughed, and told him. The boy was delightful, she thought, although still so frail and delicate-looking.

"Awful tosh," he went on, "trailing a nurse around with one. I'm just about fed up with her. Can't do this—mustn't do that. And I'm nearly all right, too. I say, do *you* think I look very off?"

Mrs. Keatinge gave him another long look.

"I shouldn't say you were quite the thing, you know; but I'm sure a month or two down here would soon put you all right. Your people with you?"

"Haven't got any," answered the boy laconically. "Lonely orphan sort of thing. Such dashed hard luck, don't you know. I'd just reached my twenty-first birthday, and come into all my property (I'm beastly rich, I believe); thought I was going to have a topping time—when this happened. Sickening, isn't it?"

The lady was all sympathy. "Poor boy!" she murmured. She had absorbed all these satisfactory details, and now prepared herself for conquest, as only *she* knew how.

"Now," said the boy after a little more conversation about his illness, "if I could have a pretty, jolly woman like you to nurse me, it'd be such a different thing, what?"

"Well, why not?" said the lady boldly.

The boy stared at her. "Why not? Oh, I say, dash it all, *you* wouldn't be bothered with an invalid hanging on to you everywhere."

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Keatinge thoughtfully. "I'm all alone here, I have very few friends. So few people really understand me" (a little sigh); "*you* interest me enormously. I'd willingly take charge of you, if you'll have me" (a bewitching smile). "It would be something to occupy my time. It hangs very heavily on my hands just now." Another sigh, and a charmingly pathetic look ended the sentence.

The boy flushed, and his eyes sparkled.

"Oh, I say, that *is* sporting of you. But I don't believe you really mean it."

"Of course I mean it—Reggie. I don't think I *could* call you Mr. Bellairs."

"Rather not," said the fascinated youth. "But I say, it really *is* awfully decent of you. Oh, hang it all, here's that bothering nurse again. If she'd only had the decency to be young and pretty, I shouldn't have minded her so much."

Mrs. Keatinge thanked her stars the nurse was middle-aged and plain. But she smiled at the woman as she approached.

"Your patient has been confiding his troubles to me, Nurse."

"Yes, he has had a bad time, poor dear," said the nurse, and then, turning to the boy, "Hadn't you better come in to lunch, Mr. Bellairs?"

Mr. Bellairs frowned, and looked mutinous. "No, I'm going to lunch with Mrs. Keatinge, Nurse," he said, and looked at the lady appealingly to endorse him.

The nurse looked anxious.

"But you will be very careful what you eat and drink, won't you?"

Mrs. Keatinge smiled at her. "You just give me a hint, Nurse, as to what he may, and what he may not have, and I promise to see that your instructions are carefully carried out."

Reggie beamed at her, while the nurse recited her list.

And so the great prize was carried off to mutual satisfaction.

And it came to pass in the course of time that Nurse was sent

[Continued overleaf.]



FOR FIRE ESCAPES AND RETORTS.

FOR SALE.



THE CHARITABLE LADY: And for whom are you collecting?

THE CANDID COLLECTOR: For myself, Mum.

DRAWN BY O. C. BARRETT.



THE HOTEL CLERK (suspiciously, to prospective guest, whose bag has come apart, thereby disclosing a strange contrivance): May I ask what that queer thing is?

THE PROSPECTIVE GUEST: This is a new patent fire-escape. If your hotel caught fire, I could let myself down from the window so easily—see?

THE HOTEL CLERK: Exactly; our terms for guests with fire-escapes are invariably cash in advance.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



JANE ELLEN: Yus y' did, Sal Jennings! I'm about sick of it. Borrowed my Dollar Princess 'at an' pinched the design; then I 'ad to chuck doin' my 'air like the Duchess o' Westminster 'cause you imitated it.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

back to England "carriage paid," and Mrs. Keatinge, although not donning cap and apron, took her place.

It was her first experience as a nurse, but she proved a very efficient one. For, realising the wisdom of fostering the goose which lays the golden egg, she was most rigorous in her treatment, and allowed no deviation from the hard and fixed rules which had been laid down by the departed professional.

At the end of a month, her devotion was rewarded. The boy was now strong and well and brown. He had filled out considerably, too, and was a patient to be proud of. The short walks could now give way to longer rambles; the slow drives in a pair-horsed carriage were things of the past—a big automobile bought in Nice took its place.

Mrs. Keatinge had not only been nurse, but had acted in the capacity of amanuensis, secretary, and general adviser as well. And in the correspondence which she read and wrote to lawyers and trustees in England she was satisfied that the young man was indeed possessed of the vast wealth he had spoken to her about.

Of course he fell in love with her—that was inevitable. They all did—for a time at any rate. Mrs. Keatinge grew quite fond of him. He was a very amusing boy, and his generosity was unbounded. During their acquaintanceship, she received more really valuable jewels, furs, and laces than ever she had had in her life.

There was talk of buying a yacht. There was one lying just then in Mentone Harbour, which her owner was anxious to sell. They went over one day to have a look at it. The thing was practically settled on the first visit; but lawyers had to be written to, and other formalities to be arranged before the *Italia* could pass into Reggie's possession. But they hoped to be afloat in a week or two.

But so much may happen in a week or two.

The very night of the day they had been to Mentone, Mrs. Keatinge gave her consent to the boy's first appearance in the Rooms. She had hitherto been afraid of the night air for him, and even now she insisted upon a fast-shut limousine, and heavy coat and muffler.

The season was in full swing; the Rooms, as usual, were crowded to suffocation.

Young Bellairs had never been in a casino of any kind in his life before, and he was terribly excited and "bucked" (his own word) on his first entrance into the famous Rooms. He looked every way at once, and asked so many questions, that his fair companion grew somewhat bewildered. It was so little of a novelty to her, and, as a matter of fact, she rarely gambled in that way. Her stakes were even larger, and of a quite different kind.

The boy had come prepared, and a fat pocket-book was brought out; he was eager to play at once. Roulette and Trente et Quarante are not difficult to learn, and it did not take Mrs. Keatinge long to initiate him into the mysteries of the games. Soon Reggie was in the thick of it all, darting from table to table, and from room to room, and always winning, as the very young at the game and the very rich often do at first.

Mrs. Keatinge stopped here and there very often to speak to friends and acquaintances, who all wondered at her long absence from the Rooms.

Back and back the boy would come to her, laughingly stuffing into her hands bundles of notes of considerable value, till at last he grew tired, and Mrs. Keatinge begged him to sit down on one of the benches and be content to watch the people with her. She was rather thoughtful and quiet herself, and with reason. She had seen her former husband come into the Rooms, and with him a quite young girl, whom a "dear" friend had informed her was his new wife. It was the first time she had seen John Keatinge since their divorce fifteen years before. The sight of him had been more of a shock than she had expected it to be.

"I say," cried the boy suddenly, breaking in on her reverie, "there's a topping girl. Did you ever see anyone so lovely in your life?"

Mrs. Keatinge followed the direction of his eyes, and looked straight at John Keatinge and his wife. John saw her, too, but his glance gave no sign of recognition. She flushed scarlet.

"Do you know who she is?" went on the boy.

"I know of her"—evasively.

"Is the old Johnnie her father?"

"No"—very shortly.

"Well, who is she? I say, do tell a chap?"

"The lady is my husband's wife."

Reggie Bellairs turned and stared first at his companion, and then at the beautiful girl at the tables.

"Funny, isn't it?" said Mrs. Keatinge.

The boy laughed loudly. "Funny? By Jove, I should say it was—devilish funny. I say, what relation does that make her to you?"

"A connection by marriage, I suppose," Mrs. Keatinge answered drily.

Reggie laughed again heartily, but looking at his companion, found she was not even smiling. "Poor old girl!" he said, and getting up—"come along, let's get back to the hotel. I'm fed up with this."

Mrs. Keatinge rose willingly. "I'm very glad to hear you say so. I always am sick of it. The air nearly suffocates me."

The next morning Reggie went out alone for a stroll, and just near the Casino met two men he knew, and who had been at Harrow in his house. They hailed him joyfully, and after their news was exchanged, Reggie accepted an invitation to a lunch one of them was giving at Ciro's.

He wrote a little note explaining, and sent it off by a *chasseur* to Mrs. Keatinge.

She didn't see him again until dinner-time that night, when he appeared looking flushed and excited.

"I say," he said to her during the meal, "I met your connection by marriage to-day."

Mrs. Keatinge started. "Indeed," she said coldly.

The boy went on, telling her all that had happened during the afternoon, and enthusing largely about the loveliness and charm of the American-girl.

"I'll tell you what it is, Angela, your husband has always shown excellent taste in his wives."

Angela Keatinge suddenly found him unbearable, and rising from the table, pleaded a headache, and begged him to finish his dinner alone.

After that, she saw less and less of him as the days went by. Sometimes they met at meals, but the daily walks and drives were over, and her evenings were now spent alone, or in playing bridge, which she loathed, with some of her former friends.

And then one morning the blow fell in the shape of a note which accompanied her chocolate and rolls.

"I say, Angela darling, don't be angry," it read, "but I've fallen madly in love with your connection by marriage, and she with me, and I'm carrying her off in the *Italia*, which will be ready to sail before you get this.

"Do, like the perfect brick you are, break the news to the old man, and please tell him he's jolly well got to divorce her at once, because we want to be married as soon as possible.

"Ever so many thanks, dear old girl, for all your extreme kindness to me. Believe me, I shall never forget it. nor you, and believe me to be, yours ever gratefully—REGGIE."

Angela Keatinge was speechless for a moment. Then she jumped out of bed, and stamped up and down the floor.

"The young hound!" she cried aloud. "The unspeakable young cad!"

And then she stood still, another thought struck her, and the tears actually came into her eyes.

"Poor, poor John!" she sighed. It was a difficult task the boy had asked of her, and she scarcely knew how to set about doing it. At first she thought she would write, and enclose Bellairs' note, and then she decided that she would take her courage in both hands and go to him.

When this decision was finally made, she set feverishly about her bathing and dressing, and went along to the Paris to the most difficult interview she had ever had to face in her life.

Two months later, John Keatinge returned to the States, accompanied by his first wife, and not his second. They re-married some time afterwards, and settled down in their native State to what was apparently domestic bliss, and no one seemed to find anything very strange about it. But then, they were very rich, you see.

There was still some kidnapping even there left for Mrs. Keatinge to do—two boys who were not total strangers to her, but whom she had not seen for many years. Like all the others, they soon fell in love with her, but it was a very different love from the others', and their mother prayed it would last for ever.

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

FROM AMATEUR TO PROFESSIONAL: MR. ABE MITCHELL AND HIS FORERUNNERS.

## Turning Professional.

This is in many respects an unsatisfactory sort of world. One discovers, for example, that the drives do not keep any straighter nor the long putts get any deader in the New Year than they did in the old one. Another thing—it is not always easy for an amateur player of comparatively humble means who is intensely fond of the game as he is of hardly anything else, to get as much of it as he likes. When he is a very magnificent player, but finds that he is not situated so that he can go about playing the game in different places and on most days, and when also he feels that he cannot do without it, his case is a difficult one. I am not jesting; cases of this kind have occurred, and they will occur again. There are then three alternatives before this unhappy man—or four if he is dishonest, which is a contingency I will disregard as being impossible in the case of a good golfer. The first of the three is suicide; the second is to go on in the same old way, feeling more miserable year by year until the last one of life; and the third is to turn professional. There is something to be said for turning professional, and much to be said against it. It is not often done, because, when it is, the future is a very doubtful sort of question at its best. Some professionals, as we know, make a fine thing out of the game, and are objects of special attention on the part of the income-tax people; but many hundreds of others do not.

## Mr. Mitchell's Conversion.

A few years since, when an English amateur international player went over from amateurism to the professional state, and crossed to the United States for his first appointment, he told me that the real reason was that he was too fond of the game to leave it alone, and that he could not do any good in his business and play as much golf as he wanted to do at the same time. Therefore he subscribed to the stupid nonsense that one has seen printed on cards—"If your business interferes with your golf, give up the business." However, this man has done better as a professional golfer in America than he was doing in his business in Yorkshire, and so all is well. That was Mr. H. H. Barker. His change of state has been well justified, and I believe the same can be said of the only other prominent conversion from the amateur state to that of the professional which has taken place in recent times, being that of Mr. Robert Andrew, one of a most brilliant trio of players produced by the Prestwick St. Nicholas Club; and many people think he was the best of the three, but he was not good

enough as a stayer in big amateur tournaments. He turned professional a year or two back and went out to America also. I am bound to say that when a man makes this change he will find it to his advantage in every way to go to America if he can. He will discover that he has lost less than he would have done here, and gained more in other ways. Now, at the beginning of the New Year, we are faced with the interesting announcement that there is another notable change over from amateurism to professionalism being made; Mr. Abe Mitchell has decided to make the change while still not having yet attached himself to a club.



GOLFING ON THE STAGE: MR. ROBERT BURNETT AS THE EARL OF ROBERTSBRIDGE, IN "THE LAST GREEN," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

## His Unlucky Championships.

Everybody will wish him the best of luck and prosperity in the new life he has determined to adopt. He deserves it in every way. In first-class amateur competitive golf he has had a short but very brilliant career. Although at the little place in Sussex where he lived and worked as a gardener his abilities were well known for long before, he only "came out" in 1910, when he entered for the Amateur Championship for the first time, and reached the semi-final. I remember that nearly everybody was saying he would win, so impressive was his play in the early rounds. Those who said he would not win explained that Mr. John Ball was the man to polish him off in the semi-final, which Mr. John Ball did accordingly. In 1911 he was rather unexpectedly beaten at Prestwick by Mr. Leicester Stevens, but Mr. Stevens was very warm indeed just then. Last year, at Westward Ho! Mr. Mitchell passed through a tragedy. He reached the final, and had Mr. Ball to play again. He seemed to have properly established a first-class revenge over the Hoylake chief, but the latter wore him down. Mr. Mitchell had a short putt for the championship on the home green, but he missed it, and then at the thirty-eighth hole Mr. Ball beat him. It was an amazing thing, and I shall never forget seeing Mr. Mitchell hold out his hand to catch his ball as it had jumped up vertically from a niblick shot in a ditch, as a token of his surrender to his opponent, to whom he thus gave the winning hole. He showed himself to be a good sportsman at a time when he probably felt quite unhappy. If he has won no championship, he leaves the amateur ranks with one great reputation—that of being one of the very longest drivers those ranks have ever embraced. With a rather short swing, made with a kind of professional aplomb, he gives the ball a terrible thump, and it carries and runs farther than the ball hit by almost any other amateur to-day.

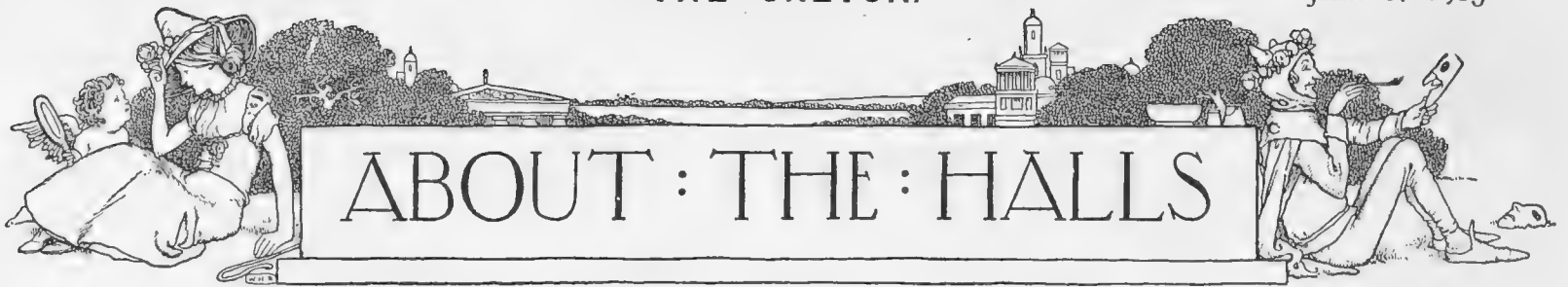


GOLF IN THE THEATRE: "THE LAST GREEN," AT THE LITTLE.

From left to right are Mr. D. Hallam as the Caddie, Mr. Robert Burnett as the Earl of Robertsbridge, and Miss Dulcie Greatwich as Dolly Dormy. The plot is simple. Dolly's father refuses to let her marry the Earl of Robertsbridge until that Peer has beaten her at golf. The noble Lord's game is exceedingly bad, but Dolly wishes to wed him, and so, by bribing a Scottish caddie, she arranges that he shall win on the last green. The piece, which is by Mr. F. S. A. Lowndes, precedes "Charley's Aunt."—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

have ever embraced. With a rather short swing, made with a kind of professional aplomb, he gives the ball a terrible thump, and it carries and runs farther than the ball hit by almost any other amateur to-day.

HENRY LEACH.



## TICH, TATE, AND HAMMERSTEIN'S SUCCESSORS.

**L**ITTLE TICH has migrated to the Palladium, and although he looks but a mere speck in that big building, he succeeds in extracting shouts of laughter from its furthest recesses. The Palladium thoughtfully welds the new with the old, and in its efforts to secure full representation of the latter has elected to devote its afternoons to a Christy Minstrel entertainment of the traditional type. In the evening it presents the diminutive Tich. Without daring to brand him as actually old, I may say it is many years ago since I first saw him, in the Brighton pantomime, wielding the elongated boots which even now he will don when further encores are insisted upon; and in the flight of the years he has not appreciably varied his methods of provoking mirth, nor is there any obvious reason why he should institute any change. He still evokes as much merriment by his little tricks as he ever could, and his audiences clearly show that they look to him to give them very much what they have seen before. When he subsides upon the stage after leaning against an untrustworthy backcloth they laugh as they have grown accustomed to laugh, and when, in return for their appreciation, he bows so low that he knocks his nose upon the boards, they are as diverted as they were thirty years ago. With his short body and tiny legs he can perform all sorts of quaint tricks which are denied to men of mightier stature. He can stoop down and replace his hat upon his head without the aid of his hands, and when he has tumbled down he can get up again after a fashion known only to himself. There is nothing in his patter to which the most puritanical Censor could take the slightest exception, and he has a confidential chuckle when indulging in his varied funniments, and a keen enjoyment of his own fantastic dancing, which never fail to bring down the house. It is easy enough to sneer at the school of "red-nosed comedians," but Little Tich still retains his pride of place.

**After Hammerstein.** Without changing its name, the London Opera House has completely changed its nature, and where for a while "Rigoletto" and "Traviata" reigned supreme, a variety performance is now taking place. Whether there is room in London for yet another variety house of vast dimensions remains to be seen. It is just possible that the patrons of the halls are already sufficiently well catered for, and it is equally possible that there is not an adequate supply of attractive "turns"

to "go round"; but Mr. Akoun has greatly dared, and time alone will show how his intrepidity is to be rewarded. The house certainly suffers from being removed from the recognised centre of the world of entertainment, but this is a defect which need not prove fatal, provided that a programme is put forward alluring enough to draw audiences a little farther East. While offering a bill of a diversified character, comprising the skilled acrobatics of "The Clarksonians," a clever fairy fantasy entitled "The Magic Bell," much comical and graceful dancing from the juvenile Beatie and Babs, and an entertaining rigmarole in Herbert Lloyd's "Discordia," Mr. Akoun relies very largely on his moving pictures, of which he possesses a great variety. They extend over a wide field, embracing a thrilling drama of the Far West, entitled "Ranchman and the Hungry Bird," and a well-executed cinematographic version of "Cinderella." The experiment will be watched with interest.



NEW MANAGING DIRECTOR OF MOSS EMPIRES, LTD., AND OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME. MR. FRANK ALLEN, SUCCESSOR OF THE LATE SIR EDWARD MOSS — AND AN EXCELLENT CHOICE, TOO!

## Good Fun.

The other evening, at the London Pavilion, I found Harry Tate keeping a crowded holiday audience in high good-humour. He had nothing more novel to show than his motoring sketch, but that was all that was asked for, and no complaints were made. This particular piece of fooling has been going a good while, and it must be acknowledged that it wears remarkably well. Its humour is quite elementary, but it hits the mark every time, and there is an unctuousness about Harry Tate's absurdities which is extremely telling. He depicts the manifold woes of a motorist who, after bragging inordinately of the potentialities of his car, suddenly finds himself unable to make it go. The only sign of vitality it displays is a series of loud explosions, and his troubles are not diminished by the imbecilities of his top-hatted boy, the equally imbecile suggestions of his chauffeur, and the unsolicited attentions of a ragged urchin armed with a mouth-organ. The fun rages without intermission, and there is always a special shriek of laughter when insult is added to injury by a passer-by who casually strikes a match upon the side of the automobile. The climax is reached when the crestfallen owner emerges, blackened and disheartened, from beneath the car, to find himself charged by a comic constable with exceeding the speed-limit. This is all very excellent fooling, and a man must have a heart of stone who does not thoroughly enjoy it.

ROVER.



UNCLES ALL? THE PALLADIUM MINSTRELS IN THEIR SCENA, "DR. WHACKAM'S ACADEMY"—AN OBJECT-LESSON ON THE DONKEY.

Photographs by Campbell Gray.





# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

LICENSES—THE LEANING MOTOR-BUS—A PRIZE FOR A NEW FUEL—MIRACLES OF REPAIR.

## Take Heed to Your Licenses.

On or before Jan. 31, each and every owner of a dog, car, carriage, or gun, or employer of men-servants, must take out the license for these privileges, as required by law. I would urge motorists—particularly those who reside within the territory of the London County Council—not to overstep the time-limit by five minutes. The L.C.C. officials appear to give their closest attention to these matters, particularly if any previous licenses have come within their purview. In the old days, when the Inland Revenue people looked after such things, and found that a dog or car owner had

companies, who now run inside 'buses only. Better a little danger and fresh air than complete security and stuffiness.

## A Tempting Offer.

The Oil Trust people, to whose financial greed we owe the high price of petrol to-day, must feel that at last the worm is turning—if, indeed, he has not already turned right round. Following hard upon the puny bid of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders comes the offer by the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs of no less a sum than £20,000 for the best fuel other than petrol, suitable for use with internal-explosion motors. This is the voice of the automobile interests of both hemispheres, for at the late meeting in Paris, France, Great Britain, America, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Holland, Hungary, Russia, Switzerland, Roumania, and Egypt were represented. This is quite generally satisfactory, and should spur the great chemists of the world to renewed activity; but participation in this offer should not give pause to the special efforts of our own automobile bodies to find a home-grown fuel. The discovery which gains the £20,000 prize may be of such a nature that users in this country will be but little better off, and this is why our representative associations should continue to hoe their own row.

## Wonderful Lamp Resurrection.

There are many quite wonderful things done in the matter of car-repairs. The building up of crank-chambers through which connecting-rods have won their way and pistons have



AUTO-POLO, THE NEW SPORT: PLAYING THE GAME IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our readers will recall that, in a recent issue of "The Sketch," we gave a number of illustrations dealing with auto-polo, the latest "freak" sport from the United States. The game, as we remarked then, is played much as is ordinary polo, save that motor-cars take the place of ponies. Two cars go to a side; and there are two in each car, a driver and a "jockey," or "mallet-man." As our photographs bear eloquent witness, there is considerable risk for the players.

Photographs by Lazarnick.

omitted or forgotten to take out a license, a courteous warning was all that resulted. That is not the case to-day with the new masters we have set over us, and the way to avoid the annoyances which the L.C.C. think it well to inflict on anyone guilty of inadvertence or lapse of memory in these affairs is for the license-holder to take out all his licenses within the territories of County or Borough Councils who do not initiate or sanction this kind of persecution. For Londoners, the County of Bedford is handy, and offends neither in the above sense nor with police traps.

## Stability of the Motor-'Bus.

There is no doubt that to the ordinary onlooker a motor-omnibus does at times wear a terribly top-heavy appearance, particularly when it is running with its near side wheels in the gutter of a well-cambered road. At the worst, however, under these circumstances, the 'bus is not inclined at more than about 10 deg. from the vertical, and though this looks very dangerous, and it seems that ever such a little push would send the unwieldy-looking vehicle over sideways, it is a fact that the 'bus, even though loaded on the top, is a long way within the margin of safety. This has been conclusively demonstrated by some experiments which have been carried out in connection with a 40-h.p. Daimler motor-'bus. This 'bus was placed on a frame, the end of which could be tilted by means of a hoist, and in this way the 'bus was inclined sideways until the critical angles were discovered. Loaded on the top only, the critical angle was 28 deg.; full inside and out, 35 deg.; empty, 41 deg. There would therefore appear to be no necessity for our motor-'bus people to follow the example of the French



AH, WHAT A TANGLED SKEIN WE WEAVE WHEN FIRST WE PRACTISE TO—AUTO-POLO! THE NEW GAME DURING A STRENUOUS PERIOD.

issued, and the repair of wholesale fractures in gear-boxes by oxy-acetylene welding, must be seen to be believed. Burst cylinders, so broken and deformed that they look fit only for the scrap-heap, are made whole and usable again in a manner utterly astonishing to the uninitiated. But these restorations, clever and wonderful as they are, are quite equalled, if not at times surpassed, by the extraordinary resurrectionary work done by the lamp-repairers. From samples which I have inspected from time to time, no sort of damage short of melting it up in a crucible appears to daunt the lamp-repairer. He can be handed a big head-light over which a traction-engine has gambolled until it looks more like a brass tea-tray than anything else, and, hey presto! within quite a reasonable time it presents all its own original form and sheen. How it's done is what puzzles the Quaker; but that it is done, let the examples of Dunhill's Lamp Hospital testify.

## INTERNATIONAL AND INTER-VARSITY FOOTBALL: SOME "RUGGER" REMINISCENCES

IT may safely be said that interest in the Rugby Union game reaches its climax in the international matches amongst England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and, it must now be added, South Africa, whose team, it was arranged, should meet England on Saturday at Twickenham. The first international game ever played—that between England and Scotland in 1871—ended in a narrow win for the Scottish representatives. For over twenty years, however, England had the field practically to herself, for although Scotland have always had to be seriously considered, both Wales and Ireland began their international careers under very dispiriting circumstances, and it is not a little to the credit of both that they have fought their way into their present positions.

**Oxford and Cambridge Matches.** Apart from the international fixtures, perhaps the match which attracts most people is the annual encounter between Oxford and Cambridge. Up to the present, Oxford have won eighteen matches and Cambridge thirteen, and nine games have been drawn, out of a total of forty played. The first encounter took place in 1872 at

lowered for the first time. The famous Hampden Park was crowded to its utmost capacity, and a most exciting match ensued. In this game, the Scottish forwards were one of the strongest packs that have represented that country, McCallum and Bedell-Sivright being the most prominent. As rain had fallen for two days previous to the match, the conditions were unfavourable to the Colonials' style of play, and although their forwards worked determinedly, they were overmatched. Mare, for the visitors, showed great pluck in finishing the game with two broken fingers. Brink and Marsburg were also injured, the latter being unable to resume. A capital game was also witnessed at the Crystal Palace in the fourth test. England were continually attacking in the second half, though the Colonials had led at the interval by a try to nil. Then, from a punt-over by Stoop, Brooks succeeded in levelling matters, and no further scoring took place. Probably the surprise of the tour, however, was the defeat of the Colonials by Cardiff by the substantial margin of seventeen points to nil. The Welsh success was accomplished under very bad conditions, but the home club played at the very top of their form. This was indeed the most severe blow of the tour, for



INTERNATIONAL RUGBY: THE SOUTH AFRICAN PLAYERS, BETTER KNOWN AS THE SPRINGBOKS.

From left to right in the back row are J. T. Meintjes, A. S. Knight, L. Louw, J. D. Luyt, and G. Morkel; in the next row, F. Luyt, S. Ledger, T. van Vuuren, E. H. Shum, E. McHardy, J. Francis, J. Braine, W. Mills, R. Luyt, and E. Delaney; in the next, W. Krige, G. Thompson, S. N. Cronje, J. Stegmann, W. A. Miller, M. Honnet (Manager), F. G. Dobbin, D. Morkel, W. H. Morkel, and A. van der Hoff; in the front row, M. Wrentmore, J. Immelman, J. McCulloch, and J. Morkel.—[Photograph by Lewis Brothers, Bath.]

Oxford, when the Dark Blues were successful by a goal to nil. It may be remembered that in those days a fifteen consisted of twenty men! The first official record of the matches, however, begins in 1873, when, after a very strenuous game, the match was left drawn. The last half-dozen matches played (previous to that of Dec. 10, 1912), provided Oxford with a wonderful run of success, for they won five of them outright, and made a drawn game of the other. The Dark Blues put up the record score of the series in 1909, when they registered 35 points to 3, and R. W. Poulton, the famous Harlequin, made an individual record by scoring five of the tries. The match of 1910 is memorable, and will go down to history in the annals of the game for the splendid fight put up by the Light Blues. They were popularly supposed to have "no earthly" chance against the brilliant Oxford backs, yet they played with such pluck that half-way through the second half they were leading by eighteen points to thirteen. Then ill-luck came. Lewis, their most dangerous three-quarter, had to retire hurt, and the Dark Blues levelled up matters, ultimately gaining the winning try almost on "No side." Amongst the famous players who have taken part in these later matches, mention might be made of C. Pinkham, the Light Blue, who has the distinction of being both a Rugger and a "Soccer" blue, a distinction which is shared by very few other players.

**The Springboks.** The achievements of the Springboks this season are, of course, fresh in memory. The Springbok tour of 1906-7 also recalls many memorable games. The first test match against Scotland at Glasgow saw the Colonials' colours

the Colonial forwards were badly beaten, and their three-quarters could not come to the rescue.

### England's Best Season.

From the English point of view, the season of 1909-10 was the most satisfactory for many years. After eighteen years' "wandering in the wilderness," we regained the championship of the countries, and that season also marked the end of a period of "lean years" from which English football generally had been suffering. In that year England headed the international table with a record of three played, two won, and one drawn. The game with Ireland at Twickenham, which ended in a pointless draw, was well fought, and the issue hung a long time in the balance, for the Irish forwards played a great game.

### A Great Year for Wales.

Although England failed to retain the international championship in the following year, she again secured the Calcutta Cup by defeating Scotland at Twickenham. The game of the year, as far as internationals were concerned, was, perhaps, that between England and Wales at Swansea. It was a magnificent encounter, and at the close one did not know which to admire the more—the great cleverness of the Welshmen or the never-say-die play of the English team. England had not played a better game on a Welsh ground since 1895, when S. M. J. Woods led his famous pack to victory. Wales won the championship, and Scotland became "wooden-spoonists." The match between Ireland and Wales at Cardiff was another excellent encounter, and the receipts totalled £2813, a record for "Rugger."





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Case of the Bad Habit.**

Many excellent persons, when they begin a new diary, are quite eager to break with all the bad habits of the past year, and to set up a new and more reputable list. One individual is resolved to get up early, run round Hyde Park before breakfast in the sketchiest attire, and abjure cigarettes. Another means to give up bridge in the afternoon, and go to lectures on geology or Racine instead; while a third intends to curb his temper, and give of his superfluity to the poor instead of buying trinkets for undeserving young persons. Women, especially, are prone to fancy that they can alter their whole characters and temperaments with a stroke of the pen and the beginning of a fresh date. And most of them find out, before many weeks are over, that they have imagined a vain thing. Habits are not easily shed, not even that of being stingy. I think it was Samuel Butler who insisted that the only way of getting rid of bad habits was to drop them gradually, as one leaves off requiring them, precisely on the lines on which the principle of Evolution works. Thus, at thirty odd one might finally drop a passion for tops and marbles, while at fifty the craving for dancing parties could reasonably be repressed, and at seventy the earnest self-reformer might realise that the pleasures of the table must of necessity be curtailed.

**The Art of Quarrelling.**

Since to quarrel is a sign of our common humanity, we ought to learn to conduct our feuds in an attractive manner, and not in a silly or sordid one. There have been famous quarrels which were picturesque, though they sometimes ended tragically enough, and others which bore us even to think of. The late James McNeill Whistler used to pride himself on his unique ability to make enemies, but I doubt if anyone remembers his foolish disputes with other artists about copying his wall-paper and his matting, or his acrimonious attitude towards English art-critics. Fortunately, he has other claims to fame, for "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" is now an exploded squib. Considering the lethal effect of the Pen, it is extraordinary that literary quarrels have not been more deadly than they are. On the whole, I think mild-eyed professors in gold spectacles regard each other and their works with a more profound contempt than the men of any other profession, especially as they are one and all Specialists and Experts. As a rule, doctors do not differ—at any rate, to the public, as such a proceeding would inspire distrust and so kill the goose which lays the golden guineas. Admirals and Generals do not, it is true, love each other as members of the great Services should; but for quarrelling furiously, with unintermittent ardour, there are no competitors like members of the Family Circle, especially in these British Islands. To this

accomplishment the Welsh and Irish bring their Celtic fervour, the Scots their dour hard-headedness, and the English their cold arrogance.

**The Children and the Dolls.**

The outstanding feature of this winter has been the stupendous number of dolls which have been dressed for distribution among the poor children of London. It was impossible to enter a house without finding all the female occupants, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, busily engaged in making clothes for waxen images. And not only was the spindle side absorbed in this amusing work; one saw distinguished journalists assiduously fashioning diminutive hats for boy and girl scouts, and ornaments of the Chancery Bar

sewing at khaki satchels. I do not know if enough dolls have been provided for all the submerged tenth, but the big shops of London have been inundated with orders for tiny shoes, while minute socks for some time past have been at a premium. Next Christmas, no doubt, still more dolls will be provided, and whatever the grumblers and the political economists may say, the children of the poor will continue to receive Christmas presents from the well-to-do. Nor is there any suspicion of patronage in the proceeding, to soil the gift or "pauperise" the recipient. Most people get beautiful Christmas and New Year presents from some Mæcenas of their circle, and though they cannot return them in kind, they do not look upon these gifts in anything but an amiable light. Why, then, should we not give dolls and toys to the children who are less lucky than the youngsters about us? Fortunately, dolls and squeaking lambs come under a fantastic category of their own, and can never be classed under the discredited phrase of "charity."



NEW YEAR PARIS FASHIONS: TWO AFTERNOON GOWNS AND A MANTLE.

The left-hand figure wears a short velvet coat, with sleeves and skirt of satin. The figure in the centre shows a mantle in stamped velvet and white fox fur. The other gown is made of soft satin, with narrow edgings of white velvet.

**A Comedy of Cats.**

Every day, in this house, a little comedy goes on among the cat-folk. Strictly speaking, there is only one cat, a beautiful person who hails from Sussex, with a tail like a plume, green eyes like one of Tourgenieff's women, and square paws with black linings. This cat, however, has a visitor, a Friend of the Soul, who almost lives in the kitchen, when it is not taking its ease in arm-chairs and on sofas: a humble, affable tabby, pale and insignificant in colour, but with the obsequious manners of the poor relation. And though this mild-mannered beast will put up with any snubs from the house cat, such as being cuffed and prodded, and turned out of comfortable straw-lined boxes, it will not suffer any other cat to come on to the premises, but raises a fine pother, with growls and bad language, if it catches but a glimpse of a second visitor, even though it be a magnificent Persian come to pay a call. Indeed, the jealousy of these alluring creatures is extraordinary, and argues an almost human understanding.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 15.*

## HOME RAILS.

THE traffic figures of the various English Railway Companies for the last six months of 1912 are now available, and, on the whole, make an excellent showing. What proportion of the gross increases will be retained as net profit is difficult to determine, owing to the certainty of increased working expenses, to which we have referred on several occasions; but it is quite clear that in the majority of cases the net figures of 1912 will show a considerable decrease over the previous year. The following table includes some of the best results, and is fairly representative—

NAME.	Decrease of Gross Traffics for First Half-year.	Decrease of Net Profit for First Half-year.	Increase in Gross Traffics for Last Half-year.
Great Eastern . . . .	£64,500	£89,000	£47,500
Great Northern. . . .	£150,000	£77,600	£64,300
Midland . . . . .	£296,000	£246,000	£331,000
Great Central . . . .	£187,900	£156,000	£215,800
Great Western . . . .	£234,300	£199,600	£402,000
London and North Western	£186,900	£387,200	£453,000

The coming dividend announcements will be exceedingly interesting, and are likely to cause sharp movements in the various securities; but the outlook for 1913 is even more important. We have no doubt gross traffics will show some tremendous increases, but the recent strike over the Knox dispute and the rumours of troubles in the Cotton and Woollen trades are disquieting.

There are some securities, however, which appear distinctly attractive at current prices, especially the 1891 and 1894 Preference stocks of the Great Central Railway, standing at 75½ and 66½ respectively, and we consider both of these are likely to stand appreciably higher before very long.

## THE FIRST BANK DIVIDENDS.

From the dividend announcements which are at present available it is clear that the banks have had a very prosperous time during the last six months.

As usual, the London and South Western Bank's statement was the first to appear, and shows a considerable improvement. The dividend is made up to 17 per cent. for the year, which is the same as a year ago, but £70,000 is now applied to writing down investments, and a bonus is paid to the staff. A year ago £40,000 was written off investments, and £5000 placed to Bank premises account. The carry-forward is also increased by about £4000.

In the case of the London City and Midland the dividend also remains unaltered at 18 per cent. free of tax, £160,000 is utilised in writing investments down below the market value, while the building redemption and other funds absorb £80,000, and the carry forward is increased by £10,000 to £132,992. Altogether there appears to be an improvement of about £200,000 in the profits.

The London Joint Stock Bank is another institution which has been most successful. For the whole of 1912 the profit amounts to £456,100 against £383,800 during 1911, but £120,600 is now used in writing down investments against £82,200 last year, £10,000 goes to the superannuation allowance, and the dividend remains unaltered at 10½ per cent.

In each case it will be seen that depreciation of securities has been a very heavy burden, and directors have refrained from drawing upon reserves for this purpose; but this depreciation cannot go on indefinitely, and when the reaction comes, as it is bound to do eventually, the position of all the Joint Stock Banks which have followed this practice will be an immensely strong one.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

The announcement that the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific has been connected up between Cochrane and Lake Superior Junction is of great importance to the two systems concerned, and the expansion of the transcontinental working is now likely to be rapid. Hitherto the prairie section, from Winnipeg to Edson, has not been available for local traffic except in connection with the lake steamers in the summer and autumn. This section will now be available for through traffic with the whole of the Grand Trunk system.

It is interesting to note that the North-Eastern Railway Company, when applying to Parliament to raise £600,000, also seek power to issue stock-warrants and Debenture-stock certificates "to bearer" with respect to the whole or any portion of fully paid stock or share capital created or to be created.

The public appear to know a good thing when they see it from the way the City of Concepcion loan was received—from the allotments which we have seen, it must have been oversubscribed several times. The only disadvantage as far as we can see is that there is so little of it, and that the market, therefore, is never likely to be very free.

The 1912 Chinese loan has been a firm market of late, and we should not be surprised to see a certain amount of shop support

before long. Arrangements will have to be made for the issue of a further amount, and to ensure success the Crisp loan must be nursed. The yield is about 5½ per cent., and we advise a purchase.

Another attractive investment to yield over 5 per cent. is the 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock of the Indian and General Investment Company, which can be purchased at about 97. The Company is well managed, and 7 per cent. was paid for the year ending April last on the £99,600 of Deferred stock.

## THE NITRATE POSITION.

Messrs. W. Montgomery and Co. have just issued their usual report on the Nitrate industry, which deals more especially with the last six months of 1912. The statistical position as shown is a very strong one; American consumption has again been disappointing, and the decrease of 75,000 tons for the twelve months represents some 13·5 per cent.; on the other hand, the figures in the other directions have more than counterbalanced this drop, and the world's total consumption has amounted to 1,908,000 tons against 1,696,000 for 1911.

The stocks in Chili at present are 10,200,000 quintals, or very little more than a year ago; and the world's visible supply is 1,004,000 tons (estimating December shipment at 284,000) against 1,058,000 at the end of 1911.

Prices during the past six months reached their highest point towards the end of October, and then gradually gave way, probably owing to the unrest in Europe. The f.o.b. price in Chili rose from 8s. 1d. per quintal in July to 8s. 10d. in October, and 8s. 1d. was then paid for delivery in 1915. Present quotations vary from 8s. 1d. for spot to 7s. 11½d. per quintal for delivery during 1914, and are about 7d. higher than a year ago.

With regard to the future, it is quite possible that the coming season may feel the effect of a limited supply, as from the data available to-day, given that consumption shows no decrease upon last year, we might find stocks in Europe at the end of June reduced to ridiculously small proportions for an industry of such magnitude. However, at the moment there are indications of some improvement in the labour conditions in Chili, and so we may hope that the evil of an insufficient supply is postponed.

Altogether the outlook should reassure shareholders in Nitrate Companies, who have been anxious at the drop in the price of the raw article.

## AMALGAMATED PROPERTIES OF RHODESIA.

The most important part of the report of this Company for the year ending Sept. 30 deals with the contracts to which objections were raised by the shareholders a year ago. The directors seem to have been surprisingly successful in getting out of these transactions except in the case of the one with the London-Zambesia Syndicate, which has been cancelled and shows a loss of £20,000.

In view of the Company's issued capital, which is not far short of a million, the revenue balance of £1700 is ridiculously small, and as it is necessary to write off £68,900 for depreciation of assets, shareholders cannot be very pleased with the year's working. The land, of which some 1,500,000 acres are held, appears to be the best asset and the most likely to appreciate in value. It is almost impossible, however, to arrive at the intrinsic value of the shares.

Saturday, Jan. 4, 1913.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MADRASSI.—The Company you mention has some 8000 acres planted, and eventually will have a large output, but you may have to wait eighteen months or two years for a dividend. We think there are better purchases in the Rubber Market.

D.A.H.—(1) We think you might continue to hold Araucos for the present. (2) See this week's Note.

CAUTIOUS.—We do not care for either of the Companies you mention. J—P— is second-rate, and the other is too far away from the dividend stage.

D.McR.—Our advice is not to buy any more shares, and to sell those you have got (if you can). The "London agency," as you call it, is something very like a bucket-shop.

Subscriptions are now invited for 166,667 £1 Ordinary shares at par in the Eastern Development Corporation, Limited, which has a capital of £250,000. It is proposed to carry on business in a variety of directions, including timber, vegetable tallow, precious stones, rubber, and minerals, the rights and concessions for which have been favourably reported upon by different experts. The purchase price has been fixed at £110,000, of which £83,333 is in fully paid shares, this being the largest proportion permitted by the rules of the Stock Exchange. The directors consider that the business already in hand justifies them in anticipating substantial distributions at an early date.

THE STANDARD CHEMICAL IRON AND LUMBER COMPANY OF CANADA.—The Directors of the Standard Chemical Iron and Lumber Company of Canada have declared a quarterly dividend of 1½ per cent. on the 7 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares for the three months ending January 1.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Resolutions, Good and Bad.

Almost everyone makes some resolutions for the New Year, whether they be good or bad. I met one woman looking meritorious all over. She had resolved to attend no sales, having been tempted last winter to her impoverishment for many weeks. Another, a smart and pretty girl, had given up cigarettes, a doctor friend having assured her she would disfigure her teeth and injure her complexion. A man friend told me he had forsworn cocktails because they were upsetting the appletart of his digestion. A lady who had worn many and most expensive ospreys had decided against them this year, because she met her parlourmaid wearing almost as many as she did. Most likely they were her own, culled from many hats. A man had decided to walk to and from his club because he was getting too fat. A wee girl said she would eat no sweeties for a long while and send all she got to poor hungry girlies. Here was the only altruistic resolution of the lot. Are the rising generation going to get away from the self-indulgence to which we are victims? Yesterday, I saw a small boy break a big bit off his chocolate-stick and give it to a smaller girl; it looks as if these small people heralded

unselfishness and chivalry. Let us hope it is so!

### Sunshine, Snow, and Wind.

The delights of the high places of Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol are taking people away by hundreds to experience them. There is just one enemy that the snow-and-sunshine girl fears—the effect on her complexion and the way the cold wind dries up her skin. If she is wise she will have consulted that undeniable authority in such matters, Madame Helena Rubinstein, at the Maison de Beauté Valaze, 24, Grafton Street, and will have learned to rub in some sun-proof and wind-proof lotion before going out, and on dressing for dinner to clean off the face with a little Crème de Valaze and use a

little powder. This will be sufficient to prevent any blemish from sun and wind in the snows. Madame Helena Rubinstein has just returned from a tour of great capitals to test new treatments and new preparations, and has brought back with her some things that will cause sensational interest among pretty women, so extraordinary are the results. So jealous is this beauty specialist for the credit of her establishment that if she hears of new cures and new preparations, she wishes at once to test them, and, if good, to obtain them, so that 24, Grafton Street shall lead in its line and be in the van of progress as regards beauty-preserving and beauty-making. It is, as the after-sensation should make us aware, a mistake to wash the face on coming in from exposure to cold, or sun-heat, or high wind. The use of Novena Cerate, Valaze or Novena, and then some powder, will render the skin cool and comfortable, while saving it from injury. Many women of fashion will be keenly interested in the treatments and remedies that Madame Helena Rubinstein has brought home, because they know that her skill and experience have selected only what is really beneficial and effective.

### A Sale for Everywoman.

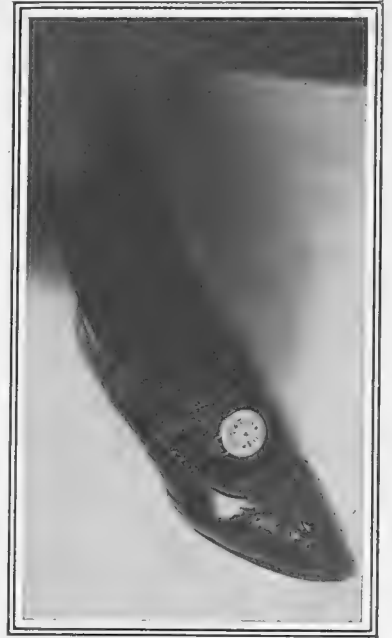
Everywoman wants to look her best, which is a most laudable ambition. One great means to that end is to be well corseted; therefore, a sale at the London Corset Company's delightful premises at 11, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, is an event in the shopping life of ladies which they never disregard. The sale was due to open on Monday, the 6th, and will go on until the 16th. While it is in progress, quite considerable reduction will be made in the prices of the beautiful and well-known corsets of the firm. The wonderful

crêpe-de-Chine corsets, for instance, will be six-and-a-half guineas, instead of seven. There are perfectly modelled pairs, long below the waist and short above it; such are in vogue now for classically draped tea-gowns and evening dresses; these are reduced from 35s. 6d. to 31s. 6d. Others are reduced in similar manner. Any that are at all soiled or damaged in any way will be sold at less than cost price; white spotted coutille pairs, low and long, are reduced from 47s. 9d. to 43s. 6d. In every instance they are the company's own corsets, which is to say that they are very newest styles; and, so far as fit and cut are concerned, perfection is the one word to describe them. Lingerie at all soiled is also being sacrificed. There are bargains to be had in evening gowns—for example, a lovely ivory-white chiffon dress, with a pleated underdress and a trimming of exquisite embroidery in pastel shades, and a tunic, long at the back, of fine white lace, trimmed with twisted and wired Louis Quinze blue ribbon, is marked down to twelve-and-a-half guineas. Blouses—and they are beauties—are being sold very cheaply indeed. The stock has to be got rid of to make room for fresh things. The firm's extremity, in this matter, will be found very much the customer's opportunity.

### Country Balls.

Almost every night of this month there are hunt or county balls taking place in all parts. Society is out of town in January, and a large section of it is being entertained in the country by another large section. The balls which perhaps attract more attention from the fashionable folk are the Melton Mowbray and the United Hunts Club Ball. The first will take place in the Corn Exchange at Melton on the 22nd, and the second, the night after at Market Harborough. The two-step is the dance of the night; everyone loves it, and the bands which provide the most inspiring music for it command fancy prices. It is a pretty dance, and it displays pretty frocks and pretty feet charmingly. The Queen, who has always loved valseing—it is so written and so pronounced in royal circles—has now taken to this newer form of it, and greatly enjoys it. Princess Mary loves the two-step and dances it very prettily.

That well-known directory to the fashionable part of London, "The Royal Blue Book and Court Guide" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.), has now appeared in the first half-yearly edition for 1913—the 182nd since it first came out. It retains its handy form and familiar features, the lists of streets and of inhabitants. Among other useful items are the lists of family names of peers, and titles of peers' eldest sons.



TAKING TIME BY THE FORE-LEG: THE SHOE-WATCH AS WORN IN NEW YORK.

New York women, ever in search of some new thing, have taken to wearing watches on their shoes. Presumably, some devoted swain is required to kneel down and consult the shoe-watch when his fair wearer wants to know the time.—[Photograph by Topical.]

### A BELIEVER IN THE DOMESTIC VIRTUES FOR MISTRESSES OF THE WHITE HOUSE: MRS. WOODROW WILSON ENGAGED IN COOKERY.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, the wife of the prospective President of the United States, will be one of the most domesticated mistresses the White House has known. She is a native of the South, and, like most Southern women, an adept in the art of cookery. Though she delights in all homely pursuits, she is also an accomplished artist.

Photograph by Straithmore.

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### MOTHER OF AN ENGLISH DUCHESS AND FOUNDER OF AN AMERICAN SUFFRAGE SOCIETY: MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT.

Mrs. Belmont, who is the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, is the founder of the Political Equality League, an American suffrage society demanding equal rights for women. She was formerly Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt.

Photograph by Straithmore.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

## "The Reef."

By EDITH WHARTON.  
(Macmillan.)

"The Reef" claims exactly the qualifications which indicate an origin in the school of Henry James. Its interest and even its sensation are made, not out of the loud deeds of a strident world, but from the infinitely complex and perplexing drama which can only reach us remote and muffled from behind an impenetrable curtain, the curtain of the body. The heroine may sit solitary in a drawing-room spiritually crushed by a blow of "more complex repercussions," to quote Mrs. Wharton, than blow ever gave, while to outward seeing everything continues, and continues to continue just as usual. It is a treatment which permits of just as much subtlety, complexity, and variation as the human temperament. Mrs. Wharton has succeeded in the characterisation of two charming women—Sophy Viner, the companion, the governess, the adjunct to other people's happiness or comfort, who so unhesitatingly took her happiness when and how she could; and Mrs. Leath, the idealist hungry for life, yet afraid of it, ashamed of her reticences, abased by her surrenders, and hardly won back to the basic realities of existence by a violent elemental experience. Drowned as the critical sense may become in a tide of indifferent or tasteless novel-writing, it is impossible to resist rising to such discerning, such delicate and distinguished work as Mrs. Wharton's. More women than might be believed will catch disturbing glimpses of revelation upon the battlefield of Anna Leath's instincts. "There were certain dishonours with which she had never dreamed that any pact could be made; she had had an incorruptible passion for good faith and fairness. . . . She no longer understood what had prompted her senseless outcry; and the mortal sweetness of loving him became again the one real fact in the world." But it is less than fair to lift a corner of the curtain only on Mrs. Wharton's poignant vision of conflict in a woman's heart. Anyone who reads novels at all and has a *flair* for the finest will read "The Reef," every page of it. A delightful acquaintance awaits the reader in the person of Darrow, Anna's lover. It is easy to believe that when she caught sight of him after several years, her smile was "like a red rose pinned on her widow's mourning." He was worth all the agony of the ensuing struggle. Once, on catching a disturbing glimpse of her reflection in a glass, she began to tidy, but desisted. "Deeper than the deepest fibre of her vanity was the triumphant sense that as she was, with her flattened hair, her tired pallor, her thin sleeves a little tumbled by the weight of her jacket, he would like her even better, feel her nearer, more desirable, than in all the splendour

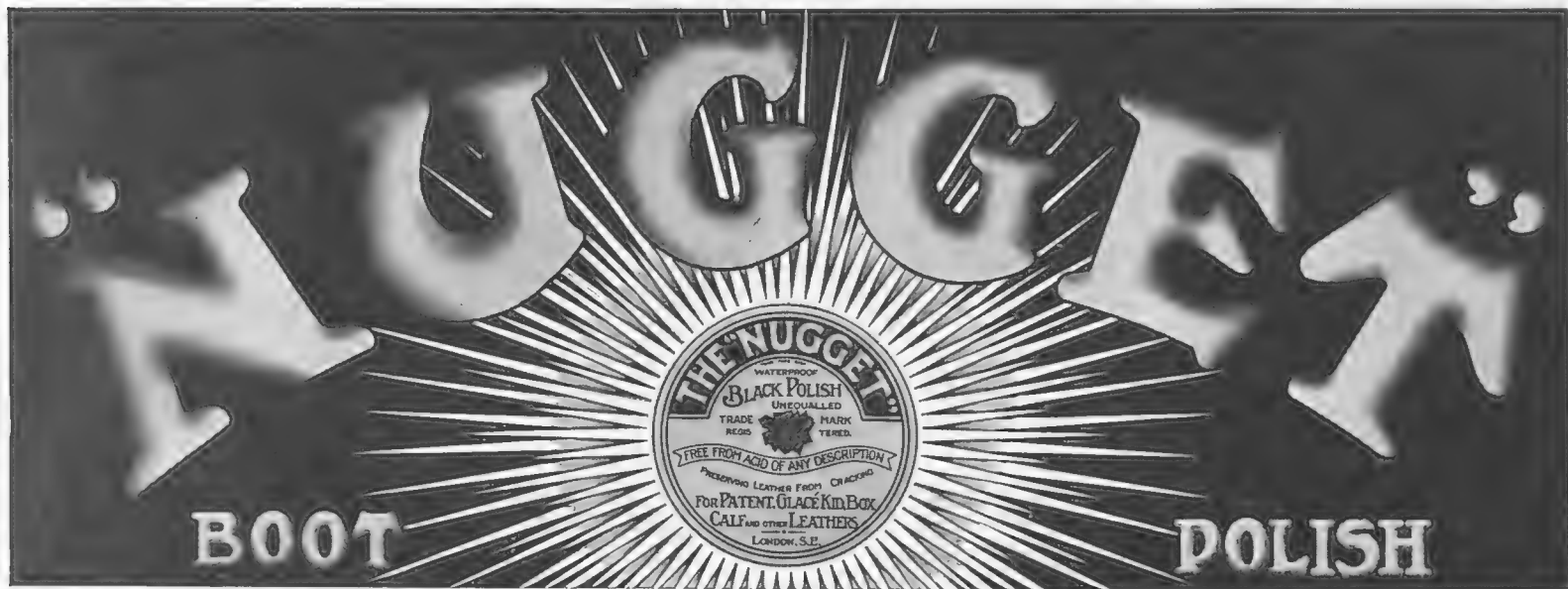
she might put on for him. . . . She felt like a slave and a goddess and a girl in her teens." To Darrow the reticence of her beauty suggested a fine portrait kept down to a few tones, or a Greek vase on which the play of light is the only pattern." There is no space for a suggestion of Sophy Viner, Anna's final and most "unexpected obstacle" to bliss. She is no less perfectly defined—a lovable and loving creature without a drop of poetry in her, "though she had some of the qualities that create it in others." For everything and everyone Mrs. Wharton has the *mot juste*. A little girl springs down the stairs for a family dinner-party, and Darrow watches her from above, her white ruffles, her coral-coloured bows "making her look like a daisy with her yellow hair for its centre." Work like this is half stimulus, half rest, and wholly a delight, whether touching the surface or probing the deeps.

## "A Dream of Blue Roses."

By MRS. HUBERT BARCLAY.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)

Little more need be said of the blue roses than that they symbolise a mythical fortune; the fortune had received a casual reference from some English lawyers when they placed a little girl as ward in a French family. The allowance they sent her guardians suddenly ceased as she approached womanhood, and she returned to England to learn particulars of her future prospects from the legal firm who stood for all she knew of her English origin. Nothing being forthcoming, not even recognition by them, she set to work as domestic help. In that capacity she won her husband, a man of considerable wealth, and on that piece of luck another arrived—the chance of her long-lost inheritance. It was large enough to account for the bluest of rosy anticipations, but her claim would have meant depriving some dear and tried friends of it. So, without a moment's struggle, this noble and never vital heroine burns her papers of identity; her Stephen glows with adoration, and all ends in a world as palely pictured as such a theme demands. The blue roses of phantasy name it well; it contains neither weather nor soil for the red ones of earth.

To the increasing number of people interested in Russian affairs, the "Anglo-Russian Diary" for 1913, published by the Anglo-Russian Trust, Ltd., of 6, Austin Friars, E.C., should prove extremely useful. It is in form like an ordinary large diary in a handsome leather cover, the special feature being that the pages devoted at either end to useful information deal mainly with Russian matters, such as investments, comparative tables, customs and revenue regulations, steamship and railway services, and so on. A good map of Russia is included.



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# ELLIMAN'S



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THE WELL-KNOWN PRACTICAL VALUE OF ELLIMAN'S Embrocations in the treatment of ailments named in the Elliman Booklets is established by results. That Elliman's Embrocations will allay pain, check inflammation, also promote rapid healing, if judiciously applied (*i.e.*, according to the instructions given in the Elliman Booklets), has for many years been recognised and acted upon daily, which accounts for a large sale of Elliman's resulting from recommendation. The R.E.P. Booklet, 96 pages, Illustrated, is enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Universal Embrocation, for Human Use, price 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/-. The E.F.A. Booklet (treatment of Animals), 72 pages, Illustrated, is enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Royal Embrocation for Use on Animals, price 1/-, 2/- & 3/6. Elliman, Sons & Co., Embrocation Manufacturers, Slough, England.

[All rights reserved.]

# Oxo in the Antarctic

## A Photo from Capt. Scott

This is a reproduction of a photo just received from Captain Scott. Large supplies of Oxo were purchased by him to sustain the members of his Expedition.

\* \* \*

It will be remembered that Oxo was also the stand-by of Sir Ernest Shackleton's Expedition a few years ago.

\* \* \*

All who value stamina should follow the lead of those who have made diet a special study and drink Oxo. It is easily-assimilated nutriment and, unlike most other foods, none of the energy it creates is lost in the process of assimilation.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK OXO ON BOARD THE TERRA NOVA.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE ANTARCTIC RECEIVED FROM CAPT. SCOTT.

## EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES.

### No. 6.—The First Motor-Cab.

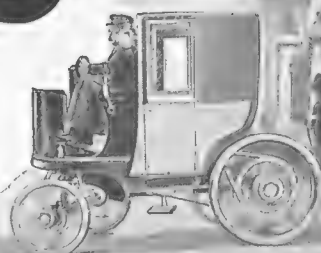
London without taxi-cabs is hard to realise in these swiftly moving times. So rapidly are impressions effaced that when one spies a hansom cab it is almost with a start of surprise. Yet who could tell off-hand when the motor-cab was first introduced? It will surprise many to learn that London boasted a motor-cab in 1897, the year of the Diamond Jubilee! This prototype of all taxi-cabs is portrayed in the accompanying picture, and hardly looks, it will be admitted, a carriage fit for a king. Yet it was in this very vehicle that King Edward (then Prince of Wales) was driven from Marlborough House to Buckingham Palace and back, in 1897. The cab also figured in the first motor-car wedding on record. To modern eyes it looks as out-of-date as a Sedan chair, and in appearance, indeed, resembles one.

The tyres were of solid rubber, and seldom lasted more than 300 miles. But that was before the Dunlop Company had solved the question of making practicable tyres for motor vehicles. To-day the tale is very different. A Dunlop tyre fitted to a "W. & G." taxi-cab, and re-treaded twice, has achieved the remarkable distance of 16,600 miles. Many others, notably amongst private owners, have exceeded this, and there are two instances of

# DUNLOPS

with records of over 23,000 miles. These are proofs of the quality contained in Dunlops, which have held the foremost place in the tyre world since 1888.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross,  
Birmingham; and 14, Regent St., London, S.W.  
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.  
Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.



1897



"UMBRELLAS!  
UMBRELLAS TO MEND!"  
—Old London Cry.



Born  
1820—  
Still  
Going  
Strong.

## The Modern Cry—"JOHNNIE WALKER"

*Gamps are for those who love their clothes—they patronise the hawker;  
But hearts more bold keep out the cold with fine old Johnnie Walker—*

*Johnnie Walker "White Label" is 6 years old. "Red Label" is 10 years old.  
"Black Label" is 12 years old. To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future  
is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over  
sales is always large enough to maintain our unique quality.*

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.

# Important Private Sale of Costly Antique and Modern FURNITURE AND EFFECTS

Formerly the Properties of

**THE LATE ADMIRAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE HAY, BART., G.C.B.**  
Removed from 108, St. George's Square, S.W.

**THE LATE SIR SAMUEL WILSON, K.C.M.G.**  
Removed from 10, Grosvenor Square, W.

**THE LATE DOWAGER LADY TREVOR.**  
Removed from 25, Belgrave Square, S.W.

**THE LATE MRS. ELLEN PENN.**  
Removed from The Cedars, Belmont Hill, Lee, S.E.

**AND OTHERS.**

An Illustrated Catalogue of Valuable Modern, Antique, and Oriental Furniture and Effects will be sent free on application.

Any articles will be separated, may be selected at once, and delivered in Town or Country, shipped for Abroad, OR COULD REMAIN STORED FREE TILL REQUIRED.

PAYMENT WHEN DELIVERED.

## A MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION, Comprising:

THIRTY-SEVEN COMPLETE BEDROOMS,		£	s.	d.
Including the following Lots:-				
8 Solid Well-made Bedroom Suites, with Wardrobe, &c., complete ..	at	3	17	6
8 Single size Oak Bedsteads, complete ..	at	0	15	0
6 Well-made Solid Oak Bedroom Suites, complete ..	at	4	17	6
1 Large Single Bedstead to match ..	at	1	2	0
4 Well-made Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites, complete ..	at	5	5	0
4 Splendid Full-size Black and Brass Mounted Bedsteads, complete with Bedding (unsold) ..	at	2	17	6
3 Very Handsome Design White Enamel Bedroom Suites, of Louis XIV. style ..	at	7	15	0
3 White Enamel Bedsteads to match ..	at	1	15	0
4 Well-made Large Solid Oak Bedroom Suites ..	at	6	15	0
4 Solid Oak Full-size Bedsteads to match, with patent Wire Spring Mattress, complete ..	at	2	10	0
4 Very Artistic Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suites, at	at	7	15	0
2 Pair of 3 ft. Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedsteads to match ..	at	2	5	0
3 Artistic Large Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites ..	at	9	15	0
3 Massive Polished Brass and Black Bedsteads, with Fine Quality Spring Mattress ..	at	3	17	6
2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes, fitted Sliding Trays and Drawers, at	at	7	15	0
2 Solid Oak ditto ..	at	5	15	0
Large Spanish Mahogany Wardrobe, fitted with Drawers, Trays, &c. ..	at	9	15	0
3 Fine Solid Oak Chests of Drawers at	at	2	5	0
2 Exceptionally Well-made Bedroom Suites in Solid American Walnut ..	at	12	10	0
2 Very Elegant Bedroom Suites, with 5 ft. 6 in. Wardrobes ..	at	14	14	0
2 Very Handsome Bedsteads to match ..	at	3	3	0
Very Choice Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite ..	at	11	15	0
Elaborate and Brass Sheraton Style Bedstead, with Superior Spring Mattress and Bedding, complete ..	at	4	10	0
Choice Chippendale Design Bedroom Suite ..	at	12	12	0
Chippendale Design Bedstead to match Queen Anne Design Solid Mahogany Bedroom Suite ..	at	16	16	6
All Brass Full-size Bedstead, with Superior Spring Mattress ..	at	3	5	0
Very Choice Adams Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. wide Wardrobe ..	at	19	19	0
Massive Square Pillar Brass Bedstead, with Bedding all complete ..	at	5	15	0
Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite ..	at	32	0	0
Very Fine all Brass Bedstead, Fitted Superior Spring Mattress ..	at	5	10	0
Costly Inlaid Satin Wood Bedroom Suite ..	at	25	0	0
Panelled Satin Wood Bedstead to match Very Magnificent "Empire" Design Bedroom Suite ..	at	65	0	0
Very Magnificent Italian Brass Bedstead, with Superior Spring Mattress ..	at	18	18	0
Uncommon Kingwood and Satin Wood Bedroom Suite ..	at	145	0	0
Kingwood and Satin Wood Bedstead to match ..	at	15	0	0
DINING ROOMS, SMOKING ROOMS, & LIBRARIES.		£	s.	d.
Fine Quality Real Turkey Carpet, about 9 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 6 in. ..	at	5	10	0
Massive Carved Oak Sideboard ..	at	9	10	0
Overmantel Fitting to match ..	at	2	17	6
Extending Dining Table to match ..	at	2	15	0
2 Elegantly Carved Arm Chairs and 6 Small ditto to match ..	at	7	7	0
Set of 6 Small and 2 Arm Chairs of Hepplewhite Design, exquisitely Carved ..	at	18	18	0
Hepplewhite Design Sideboard ..	at	10	10	0
Ditto, Dining Table, extending ..	at	4	15	0
Handsome Bookcase ..	at	3	15	0
Choice Dessert Service of 18 pieces, Cobalt Blue and Gold ..	at	1	15	0
Very Fine Grand Piano ..	at	25	0	0
Musical Ottoman forming Cabinet ..	at	1	7	6
Costly Bronze and Marble Clock with Side Pieces ..	at	7	7	0
Valuable Set of Crystal Table Glass, about 100 pieces ..	at	4	15	0
Turkey Pattern Axminster Pile Carpet, about 9 ft. by 12 ft. ..	at	3	17	6
Turkey Pattern Rug to match ..	at	0	10	0
Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table ..	at	4	4	0
Queen Anne Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small ditto ..	at	7	15	0
3 ft. 6 in. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk, combined, very choice ..	at	12	12	0

Also Bed and Table Linen, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, &amp;c.

SEND FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (S),  
Now Ready. Free on Application.

**THE FURNITURE AND FINE-ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,**

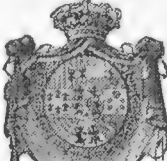
48 to 50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N. (Phone: 3472 North.)  
(Few minutes from Highbury Station, North London Railway, and Great Northern and City Tube.)

Business hours: Open every day, 9 till 9, excepting Saturdays, when we close at 1.

Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and

By Royal Appointment

Grand Prix and Gold Medals.



Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.

to H.M. the King of Spain.

International Exhibition, Rome, 1912.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—Special attention is drawn to the fact that we have NO BRANCH DEPOSITORIES  
WHATEVER, neither is anyone entitled to represent themselves as being connected with us in any way.

## Insist on FREEZOMINT



and secure the original  
**CRÈME DE MENTHE**  
**CUSENIER**  
*imported direct from France*



## The Ladies' Troubles Over

"Thank Goodness! I can GIVE HIM  
something NEW and USEFUL at last."

## FIELD'S Patent SHAVING BRUSH

NO SOAP REQUIRED.

Use the brush in water, and with rubbing a  
rich, creamy lather covers your face.

CONVENIENCE WHEN TRAVELLING.

Handsome Velvet-lined Case, containing pure Badger Hair  
Brush, highly finished Aluminium Handle, one Nickel-plated  
Container for use when travelling, and two refill tubes of Field's  
Fleur-de-Lys Cream, sufficient for 12 months. Price 10/6, of  
all leading Chemists, Stores, Ironmongers, and Silversmiths.  
For Sensitive and Delicate Skins use Field's Spermaceti  
Toilet Soap. A Pure White Soap specially recommended for Nursery Use.  
4d. per Tablet in Carton. Sample Tablet post free, 1d. stamp.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write

**J. C. & J. FIELD, LTD.,** Toilet Soap Experts (Dept. S.H.),  
LONDON, S.E.,

who will see your wants are supplied locally.



**Sanderson's**  
"Second to None"  
"Red Ticket"  
"Mountain Dew"

## SCOTCH WHISKIES

Robertson, Sanderson & Co. Ltd.  
LEITH.

LONDON OFFICE:

8 & 9, Charing Cross Chambers,  
Duke Street, Strand, W.C.



"THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS"





## NEWS FROM HEADQUARTERS

### ARMS FULL OF FLOWERS FOR HOUSE DECORATION

EVERY lady requires unlimited quantities of blossoms for the adornment of rooms during the Summer season. It is an easy matter to have your garden gay with blossom throughout the Spring, Summer, and Autumn months, but it frequently happens that a survey of your numerous borders provides little in the way of subjects suitable for table or room decoration.

When roses are in bloom, ample quantities are usually available for this purpose, but often there is a demand for flowers that have more stem.

There are so many splendid decorative annuals which are admirably adapted for indoor use that it is remarkable they are not made more use of. It is frequently advanced that this section of garden plants are too weedy and straggly in growth. This is not so, as if given moderate cultivation and ample room, annuals provide more bloom over a longer period than many of the bedding plants so much in vogue which provide very little material for cutting.

We have not sufficient room to go into the subject here, but if you are interested, send for our admirable little booklet, which gives cultural directions and the names of annuals which, if only given a small proportion of the care expended upon bedding plants, will provide you with pleasing colour schemes for the adornment of your rooms. A visit to our trial grounds during the months from May to September will give fresh ideas of the enormous numbers of flowers, many of which are not generally known, and only require to be seen to be included in your next year's garden programme.

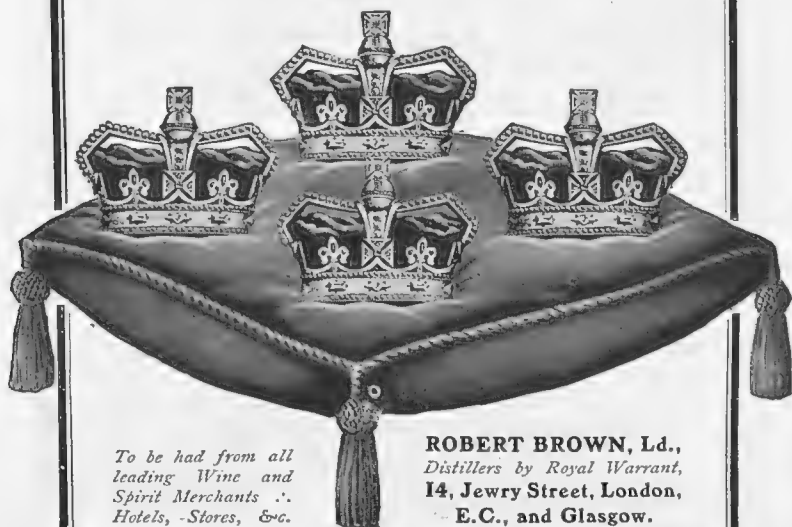
**JAMES CARTER & CO., RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W.**

*"The best that ever  
came over the Border."*

# FOUR CROWN

## Scotch Whisky

A Royal stimulant of distinctive quality, possessing an exclusive character, which wins appreciation at the first taste.



To be had from all  
leading Wine and  
Spirit Merchants  
Hotels, -Stores, &c.

**ROBERT BROWN, Ltd.,**  
Distillers by Royal Warrant,  
14, Jewry Street, London,  
E.C., and Glasgow.



"Taking your pipe and a book to your bath? Are you mad, old chap?"

"No fear! But you see I'm dead tired, and I'm going to take a bath

with some mustard in it. And *that*, old man, is too great a delight to cut short. I always lie in the tub until the water cools off. Hence the pipe and book.

"Luxurious? Yes. Enervating? Not a *bit* of it! The action of the mustard on the entire system is simply marvellous. I don't know *why* it is—but I *do* know that after a tiring day, whether at business or sport, the only tonic I need is a bath with mustard in it."

Many people "don't know *why* it is"; but doctors and scientists *do* know. Upon the skin, nerves, and vital organs of the body, the action of mustard when combined with water is an extraordinary one. Every blood-vessel, every nerve, gets the benefit of the peculiar chemical action set up.

Just you try a *mustard* - bath for the pleasure the softening of the water will give you—for the benefit it brings your skin! Never mind about the *health* side—that will soon prove itself to you.

Have you Colman's Mustard in the house?



**'Let Muster Mistard  
prepare your bath.'**

# BARGAINS

THE  
ANNUAL  
WINTER  
SALE

at  
*Marshall's*  
**TO-DAY**

THE  
ANNUAL  
WINTER  
SALE

and Daily

**T**HE re-arrangement of the various Departments owing to the opening of our new *first* floor, and the re-arrangement of the Ground Floor which will take place in the early Spring, necessitate a considerable reduction in our Regular Stock; the opportunity, therefore, presents itself to obtain even greater Marshall value than usual.

If you cannot come in person  
may we send you, post free,

## The Book of the Bargains

170 Tunics and Robes (ready to wear) at 38/6 each  
In Colours and Black. Usual price 58/6 to 4½ Gns.

49 Handsome Long Coney Coats at £12:10:0 each  
Made from selected Seal-dyed Coney Skins,  
lined Satin throughout. Worth £17:17:0

3490 yards Fancy Dress Materials 1/11 yard  
In Suitings, Tweeds, Cashmeres, etc. In Black or  
Colours, 48/50 ins. wide; Worth 4/6 to 6/6 a yard

# Marshall & Snelgrove

LIMITED.

By appointment to H.M. The King, H.M. The Queen,  
H.M. Queen Alexandra, and H.M. The Queen of Norway

Vere St. & Oxford St., LONDON, W.

# HOW I PERMANENTLY REMOVED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

After Paste, Powders, Depilatories, Electricity, and various advertised preparations had failed.

A simple, easy method which any lady can use at Home, and quickly rid herself for ever of this humiliating affliction.

By KATHRYN B. FIRMIN.

I was deeply humiliated by superfluous hair, which seemed to steadily increase, and become more hideous as I grew older, and I cannot find words to tell you how good I felt and what a terrible load was lifted off my mind when I finally realised that the unsightly growth had disappeared for ever. Before achieving this happy result I had tried many advertised remedies, but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all it was for a short time only, and the hairs soon reappeared—stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair, and

the hated superfluous hair returned, I realised that I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered they tried the same method on their own skins, with equally effective and permanent results. They told me in guarding this secret I was withholding a great boon from womankind, and urged that I should tell others, so that all afflicted women might benefit by my discovery. One of the most eminent chemists of Paris examined the treatment, and gave it the highest endorsement. A prominent society lady who used this method some time ago now says:—



"A horrible hairy mask ruined my face. For years I was humiliated and ashamed, with a beard like a man."

"Now my superfluous hair has completely disappeared, and my face is soft, fair, and smooth. You can accomplish the same permanent results without trouble or inconvenience of any kind."

almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I chanced to learn of a device by which the women of ancient Rome had completely rid themselves of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wrest this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a method entirely different from anything I had ever seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted, but feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft, and white, and, as the months slipped by and not the slightest trace of

"Your treatment is marvellous, because it is permanent. My skin has remained smooth and white without a shade of superfluous hair." I have never known this remarkable process to fail, but you can judge for yourself of its seemingly miraculous power. I am so grateful for my own delivery from the curse of superfluous hair that I feel that I should give full particulars regarding the discovery to all sisters who need it. Merely enclose two penny stamps for reply, and I will send you particulars by return of post. I will positively guarantee that any lady can permanently and painlessly remove her superfluous hair, and that she can easily use this process in the privacy of her own home without the knowledge of anyone. Address:—KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 459 W.), 133, Oxford Street, London, W.

NOTE.—The discovery of Mme. FIRMIN is unquestionably a marvellous blessing to all women suffering from this humiliating affliction, and we strongly advise readers to write at once for full information regarding her secret. Don't use this treatment near the scalp, eyebrows, or where you do not wish the hair permanently removed.

## FREE COUPON

Issued to readers of "The Sketch" by Kathryn B. Firmin.

Cut out this Coupon to-day and send, with your Name and Address (or write and mention No. 459 W), enclosing two penny stamps to help cover cost of postage, to KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 459 W), 133, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W., for free information regarding her marvellous discovery for permanently and painlessly removing superfluous hair.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Keep PEPS Always Handy.

Don't go out in bad weather without a few silver-jacketed Peps in your pocket; and so have them handy when a fit of sneezing gives warning of a fresh cold. The medicinal and germicidal fumes emitted by Peps as they dissolve in the mouth will ward off the threatened attack, and prove a preventive of sore-throat, influenza, or bronchitis.

Don't start on a train or motor journey, or ride on the top of a bus without a box of Peps. The risk of chill through the cold wind or dampness, or contact with people who may be suffering from highly infectious chest and lung complaints, is very dangerous, while the ever-present draughts in a train make your chest and lungs particularly susceptible to colds and even pleurisy.

Don't forget to keep Peps at your bedside, and the troublesome cough which keeps you wake at nights and racks your chest in the morning will be promptly got rid of.

Don't fail to keep Peps always handy in the nursery or children's room. These wonderful little breathe-able tablets, which are free from opium and harmful drugs, will save many an anxious hour by bringing ease and rest to little sufferers from colds, whooping cough or croup.

Preachers, lecturers, singers, public speakers, and teachers, should remember that Peps are the best preventive of hoarseness and laryngitis; they keep the delicate breathing passages clear and healthy, and fortify them against the attacks of the "cold-germ."

For  
**COUGHS, COLDS,**  
**SORE THROAT,**  
**INFLUENZA & BRONCHITIS.**

## A Case of Nervous Breakdown—

too much business, too little exercise, hurried meals, unsuitable food, impaired digestion, digestive derangement, malnutrition, breakdown! Then it is rest and Benger's Food.

But it is wiser to take the rest and the Benger's in time to avoid it.

## Benger's Food

gives digestive rest with complete bodily nourishment. It forms an appetising and easily digested cream so soothing as to allay internal irritation and so delicious as to gently incite into activity the weakened digestive functions and process of nutrition.

An interesting Booklet explaining how Benger's Food 'assists Nature' for Invalids and Convalescents, free by post from  
**BENGER'S FOOD, LTD.,**  
Otter Works, Manchester.  
New York Branch—92, William St.





THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST is now open, and will CLOSE on WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of January, 1913, at noon for town, and the following day at noon for country.

A prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, from which the following Extracts are taken—

# The EASTERN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION

LTD.  
(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

**CAPITAL - - - - £250,000,**  
Divided into 250,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

**Issue at Par of 166,667 Ordinary Shares:**

**Payable as to 2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 2s. 6d. per Share on Allotment; 5s. per Share One Month after Allotment; and the balance when required in Calls of not more than 5s. per Share at intervals of not less than two months.**

Subscribers may at any time after Allotment pay the balance unpaid upon any Shares allotted to them. Any amount so paid shall, pending the calling up of the monies paid in respect of such Shares, carry interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

**Directors:**

- Sir **RICHARD CARNAC TEMPLE, Bart., C.I.E.** (Chairman), The Nash, Worcester. (Formerly Chief Commissioner of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands.)
- KENNETH ROBERT BALFOUR, J.P.,** Kingston House, Dorchester, (Director of the Durban (Natal) Wattle Company, Limited.)
- JAMES STARK BROWNE,** Hillcrest, Castlebar Hill, Ealing. (Director John Brinsmead and Sons, Limited.)
- Sir **GEORGE DOUGHTY, M.P.,** Waltham Hall, Lincolnshire. (Chairman of the British Columbian Fisheries, Limited.)
- HORACE DRUMMOND DEANE-DRUMMOND, J.P.,** The Boyce Court, Dymock, Gloucester. (Retired Tea Planter.)
- JAMES WILLIAM HORNSBY, J.P.,** Barrowby Grange, Grantham. (Deputy-Chairman Richard Hornsby and Sons, Limited.)
- Sir **HENRY CLARK KING,** 26, First Avenue, Hove. (Formerly President of the Bank of Madras.)
- JAMES ERNEST NEEDHAM,** Malabar Hill, Bombay. (Partner Messrs. Purdie and Co., Bombay.)
- FRANCIS EDWIN ROSHER,** 25, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. (Managing Director.)

**Bankers:**

- THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED,** 5, Threadneedle Street, E.C., and Branches.
- THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA, and CHINA,** 38, Bishopsgate, E.C.

This Corporation has been formed for the purposes set out in the Memorandum of Association, and in particular to acquire from the Eastern Syndicate, Limited, the Properties, Concessions, and Prospecting Rights mentioned below, and generally to promote and develop enterprises in India and the Far East.

The imperative necessity for developing the vast resources of the Indian Empire has now become generally recognised, and there has been of late a marked tendency, both on the part of the Government of India and the Ruling Princes, to encourage the Investment of British capital in this most promising field. Realising this, the Eastern Syndicate has for the past two years been engaged in the investigation of various enterprises in India, and, after careful selection and considerable expenditure, the Syndicate has, with the co-operation and assistance of several well-known residents in India, built up a valuable and extensive connection, and has secured various properties, undertakings, and concessions which justify the formation of a powerful Corporation for their speedy development.

The Directors intend to proceed at once with the formation of separate Companies to work several of these projects, and from three flotations (definite terms for which have been arranged) a profit approaching £100,000 should result. In addition, a regular and substantial revenue is anticipated from the working of the Timber and Vegetable Tallow concessions mentioned below.

The Properties, Concessions, and Options to be acquired include—

**TIMBER RIGHTS.**

Agreement from the Government of the North-West Frontier Province (India) to grant a lease for five years with the right to extend for a further five years, giving the monopoly to fell and remove the Walnut and other broad-leaf trees from the Government reserved areas of the Hazara Forests, comprising about seventy-five square miles, and in addition the first option to purchase Walnut trees in the Hazara Village Forests, comprising about 750 square miles.

Mr. Taaffe, a leading hardwood expert, in his Report states—

“Assuming that only 500 trees were dealt with in the first year, a profit of £14,000 should result. In addition to this income, a substantial revenue should be derived from the Chestnut, Ash, Oak, and other broad-leaf trees.”

**VEGETABLE TALLOW.**

Agreements from the Government of Madras and the District Board of South Canara to grant Leases for thirty years from July 1, 1913, giving the exclusive right to collect fruit from the Dhupa Trees controlled by them in South Canara. Option to purchase Lease from the Government of Mysore (which has been applied for) of exclusive rights to collect fruit from the Dhupa Trees in the Shimoga District, Mysore.

Mr. H. Pilkington estimates that the annual output will exceed 2000 tons, and the following are extracts from his Report—

“I have investigated most carefully the cost of manufacture by these means, and am satisfied that the tallow could be delivered in Europe at a figure which, on present market prices, would show a net profit exceeding £12 per ton. Taking the profit per ton as estimated above, this output will yield a net revenue exceeding £24,000 per annum.”

**COCO-NUT PLANTATIONS.**

(a) Contract for the purchase of the Badalgama and Indiwinne Estates, Ceylon, comprising 1166 acres.

The certified profits for the two years ending June 30, 1912, average over £7000 per annum, which figure Mr. Alan Long Price, a leading Ceylon expert, states should be largely increased in the near future. This contract has been obtained on favourable terms, and should be productive of a substantial profit to the Corporation.

(b) Option to purchase the Cherum Tuli Estate, Kelantan, Malay Peninsula, and adjoining land, comprising 1250 acres.

**GANDAMANAIKANUR ZEMINDARY.**

Options to purchase the First and Second Mortgage Decrees on this Freehold Estate of 242 square miles, situate in Madura District, South India, containing valuable timber forests with an area of about 100 square miles, and many thousands of acres of highly fertile land suitable for the cultivation of tea, rubber, cotton, rice, etc., and believed to contain minerals of value.

**RUBBER AND TEA PLANTATIONS.**

These Estates, situate in the State of Mysore, comprise 823 acres, and are held on permanent tenure subject to a small annual quit rent to Government.

**Solicitors:**

- WILKINSON, HOWLETT AND WILKINSON,** 14, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
- LITTLE AND CO.,** Old Secretariat, Bombay.
- KING AND PARTRIDGE,** Parry's Buildings, Madras.

**Brokers:**

- PARTRIDGE AND GREENFIELD,** 2, Drapers' Gardens, London, E.C.
- CHARLTON, ILLINGWORTH AND CO.,** 12, Exchange Street, Manchester.

**Departmental Managers:**

- Geological and Mining.**—P. BOSWORTH SMITH, F.G.S., Associate of the Royal School of Mines, M.Inst.M.M., M.A.I.M.E., M.M.G.I.I., etc. For some time Government Mineralogist, Madras.
- Plantations and Forestry.**—HENRY PILKINGTON, Planter, late Inspector of Coffee Estates to the Government of Mysore.

**Auditors:**

- HOLROYD, WEST, AND NORTHCOTT,** Chartered Accountants, 6, Great Winchester Street, E.C.

**Offices in India:**

ISMAIL BUILDINGS, HORNBY ROAD, BOMBAY.

**Secretary and Registered Offices:**

H. H. SIMMONS, 6, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

Some 190 acres are already planted with rubber, and a large number of trees is now ready for tapping. It is the intention to plant up the remaining area (a considerable part of which has already been cleared) with rubber and tea, as experts report that the Mahalgode Estate would make one of the finest tea properties in India. Application has been made to Government for a further grant of 1000 acres.

**GOLD-BEARING AREAS.**

(a) Agreement to purchase mine Licences and rights over an area of twenty-nine square miles in the Shimoga District, Mysore State.

(b) Agreement to purchase mining Licences and rights of the Nanjangud Goldfield, Limited, over an area of 696 acres situate about eight miles S.W. of Nanjangud Railway Station in the Mysore State.

Mr. L. H. Neave, in his Report thereon, states—

“A mine so favourably situated, with such an immense lode, cheap fuel and timber, also abundance of cheap West Coast labour, should develop into a highly paying concern upon the present values shown.”

(c) Options to acquire a mining lease and prospecting Licences over eight square miles in the same State, upon which development work has already been commenced with encouraging results.

**DIAMOND CONCESSIONS.**

Options to purchase concessions granting the sole rights for the extraction of diamonds from diamondiferous lands comprising approximately 1400 acres, and situate in the Kurnool and Anantapur Districts.

The Directors consider that the business already in hand justifies them in anticipating substantial distributions at an early date.

The Corporation, through those associated with it, will possess exceptional opportunities for selecting and securing further valuable enterprises, and the Directors look forward with confidence to the establishment of a progressive and profitable business.

This Issue will provide the sum of £140,000 for Working Capital, less any amount payable for ad valorem stamp duty and brokerage.

Full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which applications will alone be received), and application forms can be obtained at the offices of the Company, and the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, and Auditors of the Company.

## THE EASTERN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION, LTD.

**24 FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.**

(To be retained by the Bankers.) No. ....

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE EASTERN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share on..... Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request that you will allot to me that number of Shares, upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, dated the 4th day of January, 1913, and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company; and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number you may allot to me, and to pay a further 2s. 6d. per share on allotment and the balance as provided by the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members in respect of the Shares allotted to me.

NAME (in full).....  
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ORDINARY SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS (in full) .....

.....

PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION..... DATE.....

This Form should be filled up and sent to either of the Banks or their branches, together with a cheque for the amount payable on application. Cheques should be made payable to “Bearer” and crossed.





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Trade Mark.

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Paris ; New York.

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The Ganesh Chin Strap  
will remove a double chin  
and preserve the contour  
of the face, 21/6, 25/6.

Mrs. Adair is recommended by the Medical Profession and Patronised by Royalty.

MRS. JACK MAY writes in *Country Life*:—" . . . It was only when I got outside that Fatigue once more claimed me for her own, and the glass in the hansom revealed a haggard face, with deep purple circles round weary eyes. 'What shall we do?' I cried to my companion, who was powdering her nose with the energy of despair. 'I cannot face a big dinner-party to-night with such a mask as this!' My friend is a woman of intelligence and action. 'I know,' she said, as she snapped her powder puff into her little gold-meshed purse, 'we'll go and sample Mrs. Adair!' And in a few minutes we were at 92, NEW BOND STREET, and had poured our tale of woe into handsome Mrs. Adair's kindly ears. 'I think we can set matters right,' she said with a smile, and, calling two pretty girls, we were soon reposing in two comfortable armchairs, and half the fatigue and the dreadful 'drawn' feeling of the skin of the face seemed to vanish under the preliminary application of 'Diable Skin Tonic' (21/6, 10/6, 7/6 and 5/6), for cleansing and bracing the face, followed by the 'Ganesh Eastern Oil' (30/6, 21/6, 10/6, 5/6), and 'Cream' (10/6, 6/6 and 3/6), which was patted into the skin with an extraordinary movement, for Mrs. Adair's cardinal principle is that the skin should never be pushed or pulled in any way, on account of its elasticity. The patting or drumming movements brace up the muscles underneath the skin, and that is the result to aim at, for if the muscles are firm and full there can be no puffiness or slackness of the skin. The whole treatment was so extraordinarily soothing and restful, especially round and over the eyes and eyelids, that I went to sleep; but when I woke up at the end of an hour, and was told by the smiling operator to look at myself in the glass, I could hardly believe that the rosy face and bright eyes I saw therein belonged to the same haggard countenance I had brought there an hour and a-half previously. Such magic must be seen and experienced to be believed, and I could see I was not made up in any way."

The really useful book "How to Restore and Retain the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form" sent by return free of charge. Consultations free.

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*The Enchanting Light*



GRAND PRIZE  
PARASTRINE CANDLES  
FOR USE WITH SHADES THAT  
DESCEND AUTOMATICALLY  
GOLD MEDAL  
PALMITINE CANDLES  
FOR GENERAL USE

THEIR PECULIARLY SOFT  
AND MELLOW LIGHT LENDS  
ENCHANTMENT TO THE SCENE  
AND CONTRIBUTES MUCH TO  
THE SUCCESS OF A PARTY

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY LIMITED

## SALE OF IRISH LINENS DURING JANUARY

### Linen Damask Tablecloths.

A quantity of odd cloths in designs that we have ceased making in our factory:—

Cloths, 2 X 2½ yds. 8/6 and 9/9 each.  
" 2 X 3 yds. 9/11 and 11/6 "  
" 2½ X 3 yds. 13/9 and 15/6 "

### Hemstitched Linen Sheets.

A number of odd lots:—

Sheets, 2 X 3 yds., offered at 7/6 each.  
" 2½ X 3½ yds., " 10/9 "  
" 3 X 3½ yds., " 15/- "

### All Linen Towels.

Hemstitched Bedroom Towels, slightly imperfect, offered at 7/6 and 10/6 dozen. Superfine quality, perfect goods, 13/9 and 19/6 dozen.

### Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases.

Undoubted bargains, 2/3½ and 2/6½ each.

### Handkerchiefs.

(For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.)

The surplus stock, left from our Xmas trade, in hemstitched and embroidered linen and hand-worked initials, are offered at exceptionally low prices during the sale.

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Before retiring take a cup of the "ALLENBURYS" DIET which induces restful sleep and nourishes the system. Affords an excellent light repast and is preferable to all alcoholic stimulants. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form.

Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Send 3d. stamps for large sample.

Of  
Chemists  
1/6 and 3/-  
per tin.



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Rubber Tyre  
Manufacturers



to  
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WILL ENSURE

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They do not burst.  
They do not lose their studs.  
They do not easily cut.  
They give greatest mileages.

Because they are made of selected rubber, special canvas double the usual strength and diamond-hard studs, by skilled British workmen with 14 years' experience and reputation at the back of them.

TRY THEM AND TEST THEIR MERITS.

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1900



1913



The ordinary whiskey you get at a bar is so small nowadays that it makes only half a drink. The same quantity of John Jameson will make an excellent whiskey-and-soda because the wealth of flavour is so great that you can fill the glass to the top with soda. Try it and see.

**John Jameson's**  
Three ★ ★ ★ Star  
**Whiskey**

House established 1780.

According to the amount one wishes to invest, we especially recommend, for Gentlemen, 'Riverside Maximus,' 'Vanguard,' 'Crescent Street,' or 'Riverside,' and for Ladies, 'Diamond,' 'Riverside Maximus,' 'Riverside,' or 'Lady Waltham,' each movement having the name engraved thereon.

**WALTHAM WATCH CO.** (Wholesale only to the Trade)  
125, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

*An interesting Booklet describing our Watches sent to the Public, Post Free, upon application. For our convenience please mention this journal.*

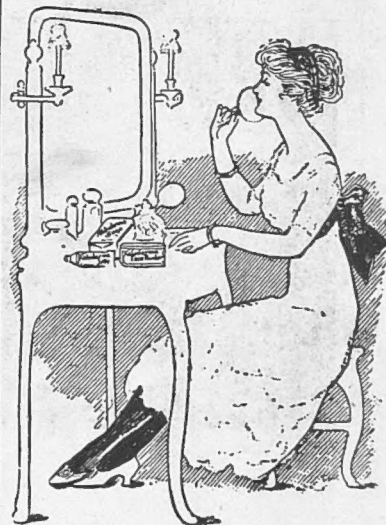
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"Once bit twice shy."  
Better have a better bitter  
next time. Insist upon

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The finishing touch.



THE  
**"KALODERMA"**  
preparations are the most perfect of Toilet Requisites.

**"KALODERMA"**  
Soap. Prepared with Glycerine and Honey. Luxurious and refreshing. The best Soap for Softening and Beautifying the complexion.

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Face Powder. Unequalled for the Toilet. Refined and soothing. Can be had in Pink, White or Cream.

**"KALODERMA"**  
Jelly, makes and keeps the complexion as pure as the Lily. A most lovely Skin Emollient. Absolutely free from Grease.

**"KALODERMA"**  
Is obtainable at all the Leading Establishments.  
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## BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

ONE public institution that is, fortunately, beyond the malice of the Suffragettes is the "Post Office London Directory, with County Suburbs," of which Kelly's Directories, Ltd., have issued the volume for 1913. The militant contingent could hardly deface a whole edition that must run into tens, if not hundreds, of thousands; and, by the way, now that "Struwwelpeter" is on the boards, is not tall Agrippa the proper person to deal with the ink-slingers? But, to return to the London Directory, it may be noted that this monumental tome is forty pages fatter than it was last year. It has, as usual, been corrected down to the latest possible moment before Christmas, and forms a complete Directory of the City and County of London.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" for 1913 maintains its reputation as one of the handiest books of reference of its kind. Its single alphabetical arrangement is extremely convenient, enabling one to ascertain at a glance whether there is any person bearing a particular title, and, if so, to what family that person belongs, together with some biographical particulars and present address. In addition to persons of rank or official position, the book includes landowners occupying the principal county seats. This is a very useful feature, as such names are difficult to trace elsewhere.

For the fulness of its genealogical records, Burke's "Peerage" (Harrison) holds a distinctive place among publications of that class. The 1913 edition, which has now been published, retains the well-known features of this invaluable book of reference, brought thoroughly up to date. Particulars are given of every titled family, not only of the actual holder of the title, but of all previous holders and of all possible successors. From certain marks placed against names, it may be discovered whether any given person in remainder to a title is living or not. Another very useful part of the book is the table of precedence, containing over 25,000 names. "Burke," in short, is as indispensable as ever.

"Books that Count" (A. and C. Black) is not a species of ready reckoner or a conjuring trick, like "dogs that talk" or "pictures that materialise." It is a new and remarkably useful work of reference: a dictionary of standard books in English, arranged under fourteen different sections, with indices of titles and authors. If, for instance, you want to study the matrimonial customs of the South Sea Islanders, you look them up in "Books that Count," and then you buy, beg, borrow or steal the books, according to your habits. The work is intended for the student and general reader

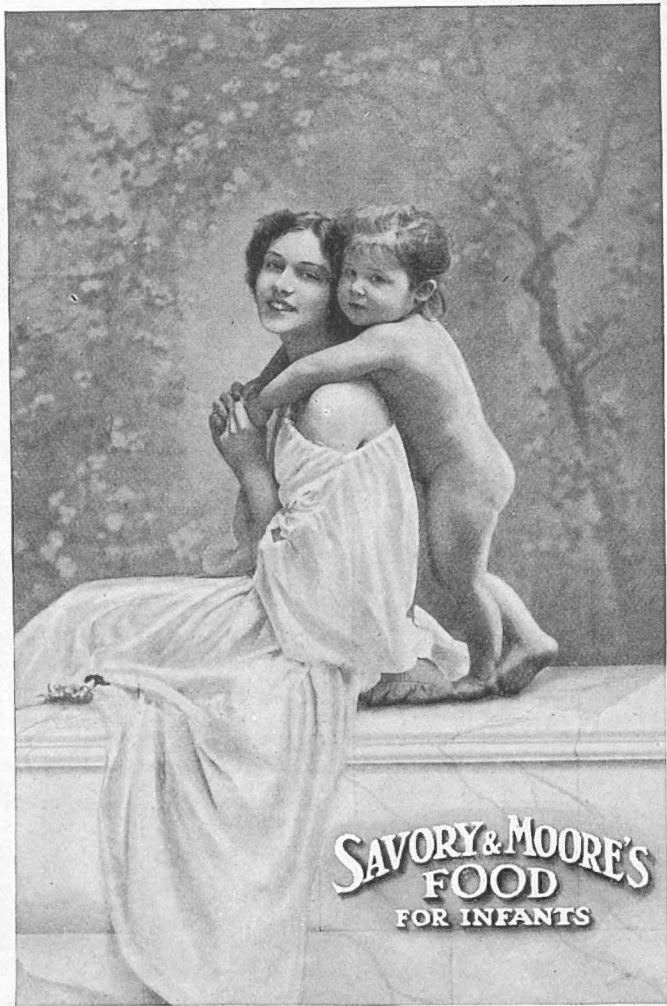
rather than the scholar and the specialist. It mentions some 5500 books, of each of which the editor, Mr. W. Forbes Gray, gives brief particulars.

How wide are the modern woman's interests and activities can be seen by a glance through "The Englishwoman's Year Book" (A. and C. Black), of which the 1913 edition has appeared. This is a remarkably useful book of reference to any woman engaged in social or public work, also to those who have girls to educate and start in life. The section on Employments and Professions gives information on no fewer than eighty occupations open to women. The volume is divided into two main parts, one devoted to education, professions and social life, the other to philanthropic and social work.

"Whitaker's Almanack" for 1913, which has just seen the light, has, so to speak, blossomed into twins. There is the old familiar green and red book, one of the pillars of the British constitution, and with it comes a new arrival, "The International Whitaker." The new volume bids fair to be as useful to the wider public to which it appeals as is the old one. It should be understood that "The International Whitaker" supplements, but in no sense supersedes, "Whitaker's Almanack." To quote the preface, "it aims at the provision of information concerning every country on more or less uniform lines." The test of time and use is, of course, the only valuable criterion of a book of reference. "Whitaker's Almanack" has long ago passed that test, with honours. It is safe to predict that "The International Whitaker" will do likewise.

That plaintive statement, that there is only one "t" in Whitaker, which occurs frequently in the circulars of the firm, testifies at once to a passion for accuracy most laudable in publishers of works of reference, and to a contrasting looseness in the literary habits of the public. These remarks are suggested at the moment by a printed slip in the new 1913 edition of "Whitaker's Peerage," which draws attention to three points in favour of that very useful work. One is its cheapness (the price is 5s. net.); the second is the handiness of its alphabetical plan; and the third is its popularity. To all of which we say, "amen."

Every contributor, or aspirant to contribute, to newspapers and magazines, should possess a copy of "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" (A. and C. Black), of which the 1913 edition has now been published. This useful little volume, which costs only a shilling, gives particulars as to the character and contributions suitable for the various periodicals. A perusal of its pages by would-be contributors would save them much disappointment, and editors much unnecessary toil.



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